

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 9, No. 41

{The Sheppard Publishing Co., Ltd., Proprietors.
Office—Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1896.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$3. Whole No. 457

Around Town:

One of my old clerical friends called on me the other day on his way to "Retreat." This sincere and able exponent of a church which I have often been forced to antagonize, seems, after all, as nearly as one can imagine, one of the true successors of the apostles who made such great sacrifices for Christ's sake. Incidentally he remarked that Retreat was a good thing for everybody in the sense that it gave a man an opportunity to get back to his better self and to find a renewed vision as to what is best. I never care to pry into what is done or as to the particular things that are left undone during these periods of religious retirement, yet I imagine we could all take something of the sort with great advantage to ourselves. I asked a lay Catholic friend of mine to define it for me, and he said, "Oh, I guess it is a sort of a spiritual gold cure." The definition is not used irreverently, for as one treatment is supposed to relieve a man of some of his bad habits with regard to tobacco and stimulants of all sorts, in a similar manner I imagine Retreat is a period during which those devoted to religious work make a sincere and more or less effectual effort to separate themselves from those entanglements of the world which, though trifling in themselves, are likely to prevent the sacrifices and the devotion to their work so characteristic of the Roman Catholic clergy.

In the great big world which in every sense revolves so swiftly and so continuously, the average business or professional man gets very few moments of retreat from those allurements, excitements and worries which continually besetting him, make his life to a considerable extent a false and feverish affair. When we try to get away from the world and from ourselves, the whole tendency is in the direction of taking quite a little crowd with us who are almost sure to make the fishing or hunting party, or the excursion, quite as rapid an outfit as that which we flatter ourselves we are struggling to escape. Escape is a difficult thing, either for the criminal after whom the avengers of the law are in pursuit, or for anyone who has, unconsciously perhaps, become an offender against some enactment of society, health, morality or religion. Those communities whose organization provides for periods of rest and retirement, for fasts and moments when the world can be eluded, are particularly fortunate. In politics and in everyday life the gasping struggler for supremacy, I imagine, often looks at himself in the glass as he brushes his hair in the morning or as he takes off his cravat at night, with much of the same suspicious air as the detective regards a somewhat shady character who is unknown but suspected as soon as he invades a city. Of course this may not be true of great statesmen, of the great leaders of great movements, but it must be remembered that the majority of politicians and of business men are not great philanthropists nor great leaders of anything, and may be monumental only in their gall and the intensity of their desire to achieve a high place. They may be all this and not be awfully bad; they may really be moderately bad and not be devoid of those moments of intense yearning for rest and escape, for quietness and a return to simplicity if not innocence of life. If those who are perhaps best qualified to teach us in spiritual matters require time to think and a quiet week in which to recover their original vantage ground, is it not true that those worldlings who are lacking in much of their elevating emotionalism and purity of surroundings should also occasionally retire to some cloister and re-discover themselves?

While taking very strong grounds on the school question, I must decline to be considered one of those who find in every walk of life and in every act of a government some suspicious odor of popish interference. I have amongst my best friends many men who can detect the hand of Rome in the simplest events of everyday life. One of these gentlemen, writing to me *apropos* of our recent discussion of the new marriage law, asked me to tell him why Roman Catholics do not have to buy a marriage license as Protestants are forced to do. During twenty-five years as an issuer of marriage licenses he tells me that he has never yet had a Roman Catholic applicant. I have no doubt he states the facts as he has found them; and, furthermore, he voices the general misunderstanding of the community with regard to the issuance of marriage licenses. Nobody is forced to buy a marriage license. Those who are willing to have "the banns called" in their church can be married on presentation of a certificate that such an announcement has been made. With Roman Catholics it is very generally a matter of faith and custom to have the banns announced from the pulpit of the parish church, consequently they do not need to buy a marriage license. They are not specially protected or exempted in this matter. Non-Catholics might do the same, only it does not seem agreeable for them to do so. I have asserted, and I still think, that the Roman Catholic church makes it a little burdensome upon their parishioners when they insist upon a special fee if the banns are not called three times, while the law demands but one announcement. The extra fee, however, it should be understood, is for a dispensation from the bishop authorizing the priest to marry a couple without the ordinary amount of publicity. The money which must be paid for this is not the property of the parish priest nor of the bishop, but must go to some authorized charity, and except in such cases as must be specially authorized by the bishop the publica-

tion of the banns and the marriage fee in the regular way amounts to but five dollars, which is little more than the price of a license and the smallest honorarium accepted cheerfully by any clergyman.

Apropos of the Marriage Act comes a new regulation that a man must not marry his deceased brother's wife, and that a woman must not marry a deceased husband's brother. One gets bewildered by these foolish assemblages of improbable and prohibited personages who might as well be permitted to marry if they chose. The department which has this matter in charge seems to have gone crazy, or else is being befogged and led by the nose by some clerical influence which should long ago have been suppressed. People who are not nearly related by blood should be permitted to marry if they see fit, and this twentieth regulation as to prohibited classes multiplies the improper alliances until people will really not know whether they are marrying their grandmother or their wife's aunt's sister. By letter and personally I have been consulted in this matter until I am tired of the new Marriage Act and the confounded mixture of relation-

power and had obtained a status in the country. The Conservatives were not slow to make the most fascinating proposals to constituencies which they desired to win, and the Liberals have been unable so far to resist a tendency to make similar propositions. In the future the Government now in existence must refrain from this sort of thing or they will invite the opposition and the most strenuous criticism of every intelligent journalist. When the Government is filled and their majority is assured and the influences of the past are not so much a contagion as they are now, this sort of business must be dropped or the Laurier Administration will be considered as great a boodling affair as that which it succeeded.

It is not my habit to congratulate either myself or the papers for which I write upon the success of predictions made, but in the present instance, particularly after the success of the last two Ministerial contests, it seems right enough to call attention to the fact that I made no mistakes in my forecasts during the campaign which is now practically closed. I feel quite certain that the anti-clerical idea is dominant in Canada; not that

ment of public affairs, were to be left out of future arrangements for municipal, provincial and federal government. If the Liberals disappoint us in this respect their fall will be as sudden and miserable as their acquirement of power was unexpected and conspicuous.

At the present moment there is no reason to suspect that Canada has regretted the change of Government. Enormous influence and opportunities of greatness are within the grasp of the new Ministry. They should appoint commissioners to examine the world on behalf of our manufacturers and producers, that exact data may be placed in the hands of those who are ambitious to engage in the exporting trade on a large scale, and thus in a proper way make themselves felt as the agents and promoters of Canadian enterprises. Mining, manufacturing, farming, dairying and lumbering should be as much their care as if they were individually engaged in such projects. The bringing to Canada of emigrants of a desirable sort is a proposal surrounded by great difficulties, but they should be able to grasp such opportunities as they find available and fill our North-West with people. The mere statement

unpleasant to the tourist. What they should now do is to build a fence around the town, with but one small gate for ingress or egress. A committee of clergymen should preside at this aperture and examine everybody as to his or her orthodoxy and keep the outsider waiting as long as possible. If the stranger does not satisfy the committee as to his beliefs or unbeliefs, he should be rejected. Trains should be inspected as in the case of an outbreak of smallpox as to whether the newcomers have been vaccinated with the proper virus, and the baggage of every visitor should be observed as to whether it suggests improper materials. If this be done—and practically it is being done—the city will be avoided by everyone who desires some little amusement or exercise upon the Lord's Day and reasonable liberty upon the other days. Then we will be able to restrain bicyclists, prevent excursions, and make the doorstep or the back kitchen the only alternative to the church as a place to spend Sunday. Such an operation might form the basis of a league in which every member may declare that he will not attend church until he can go there in a street car. Such a league would be much more popular than the effort of the City Council to "hold up" the Street Railway Company by trying to extort from them a bounty excessive in amount and entirely out of keeping with the agreement originally made when the franchise was handed over to them.

It would not be long if this fence, which should be twenty feet high, were placed around the city, before every board used in its construction would be plastered with bills offering the property for sale by the sheriff. It is quite likely that the city itself would be offered for sale on exceedingly moderate terms and with a long date for payment. We affect a desire for excluding the wicked people of the world from our somewhat scattered wards, and the policy should be carried to its utmost at once that we may know how vigorous are the principles of those who oppose all modern innovations. The policy of exclusion has been definitely decided upon, or the Council would not delay an endeavor to present a by-law offering the citizens a chance to decide whether they shall ride or walk upon the Sabbath day. This impulse of the city is believed to be in harmony with the text fastened upon the walls of the City Hall, "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." Our clergymen will not have any need to wake, and no one else need lose sleep or anything but their property if what appears to be the policy of the Council is thoroughly carried out. Our wholesale houses are losing their business; our streets are almost devoid of visitors; our boats mostly carry school children and empty chairs; the trains come and go without bringing us twenty-five per cent. of the visitors who used to come, but are taking away those who were residents, and every enterprise has become more or less of an effort to slaughter prices. True, times have changed somewhat, but Toronto is to-day most conspicuous in these respects, and we should at once decide whether our empty houses and stores should be filled with the atmosphere or with tenants who will pay taxes. The supreme moment of discontent will not be long deferred. It would be much better to settle the matter promptly.

It has become a practice to rail against the extravagance of paying the Governor-General of Canada a salary equal to that paid to the President of the United States, and very frequently the statement is made that the President enjoys none of those perquisites enjoyed by the Governor-General, but merely has his salary and the use of the White House rent free. An American correspondent to an English paper has investigated the matter, and it turns out that the President does enjoy "extras" quite as numerous and extensive as our Governor-General. In fact, the extras mount up quite beyond anything known at Ottawa. For this year, it seems, Congress is asked to appropriate the sum of \$600,000 to run the White House. The people of the Republic do not expect their President to run his office in a niggardly fashion, and those Canadians who are eternally growling about our own system should carefully digest the fact that the President has "extras," and that the belief that he does not have them is due to the circumstance that no one objects to his enjoyment of them.

The President pays no rent. His fuel and light cost him nothing. He does not even pay for his own newspapers, and as for stationery, he has the finest that the world can produce, and there is a shorthand writer always at hand to save him from writing letters himself. He has a half-dozen watch-dogs to keep the crowd away from him. His private secretary receives \$5,000 a year, and the man who sits outside his office door to open and close it gets a salary of \$2,000. He has men to read the papers for him. He has a telegraph operator and a telegraph instrument in the White House, and Uncle Sam pays his telegraph bills. He seldom if ever buys a postage stamp, and the thousand and one little incidentals that eat out the heart of the ordinary man's salary are paid for him. He pays no rent for his stables, and Congress gives him some money to keep them up. The amount that is asked for this year is \$10,000, and this includes stationery, reading matter, and the caring for the President's horses, harnesses, and carriages.

Custom requires that the President should give certain state dinners, but it is estimated that President Cleveland does not spend more



LI HUNG CHANG.

ships which no one recognizes socially and which furnish no bar to matrimony.

The politics of Canada have assumed a new phase. I have never disguised the fact of my personal alliance with the Conservative party, yet I have not permitted any such alliance to bias my judgment in reviewing the acts of those who wore the same party name as myself. During the past six or eight months I have abstained from political references, because it is perhaps in poor taste to mix social and political matters. At the present moment, however, the political situation deserves a mention, or else the events of the week will not have been properly reviewed. In North Grey and in the constituency of Queen's and Sunbury, contests have been concluded which resulted in enormous majorities for Hon. Mr. Patterson and Hon. Mr. Blair. It has been demonstrated that in these constituencies the present Government, as far as the people have been able to judge it in the light of what little they have seen of it, is considered quite satisfactory. Everybody has been equally anxious to disavow any connection with the coercion of Manitoba, and the campaigns have been conducted very much on the old lines of big promises of public works. A new Government struggling to establish itself cannot be blamed as bitterly for using such unbecoming influences as if it had long been in

the people despise or reject spiritual advice, but because they either have done so, or will at an early period demonstrate that the clergy have been overstepping the bounds of propriety in dictating to the people how they should vote. Surely we are out of our swaddling clothes and may be permitted to assert our equality on every occasion, no matter if our spiritual advisers are eager to work upon our prejudices, our passions, and our rather vague regard for their superior position. The Conservative party in Ontario wrecked itself under Mr. Marter because he falsified by a public utterance the sincerity of the party's antagonism to the undue influence of the hierarchy in this province. The Conservative party at Ottawa wrecked itself trying to prove that it was the pack-horse of the Catholic party. The Liberals under Mr. Laurier obtained their majority and their influence in this country by a straight fight against the hierarchy. They will retain their influence and form a great party in this country if they demonstrate their ability to reject racial and religious influences. To me it is a pleasure which I can hardly express to chronicle the fact that Canada seems to be on the eve of emancipation from the extraordinary influences which have belittled and befogged our politics. It appears as if those entanglements which come with the growth of a family and a community, and which have no connection with the manage-

ment of public affairs, were to be left out of future arrangements for municipal, provincial and federal government. If the Liberals disappoint us in this respect their fall will be as sudden and miserable as their acquirement of power was unexpected and conspicuous.

The renewed proposal to run Sunday cars in Toronto appears to have caused an outbreak of hysteria in certain clerical and newspaper circles, which reminds one very forcibly of the attempts in the older times to restrict personal liberty and to restrain the progress of the world. The Mayor and certain city aldermen have taken great pains to delay, if not defeat, this addition to our civic facilities. Toronto is being ruined materially and not benefited morally by the extraordinary efforts of the city authorities to make the place difficult of access and

than \$5,000 a year on these dinners, and he is supposed to save \$25,000 a year, or one half his salary. The full staff of servants at the White House are paid by the Government, including a private barber and a steward who draws \$2,500 a year for doing the marketing. From every State in the union presents are continually arriving at the White House, although President Cleveland makes it a rule to decline presents of excessive value.

The point which I wish to make is this, that those who adversely criticize Rideau Hall and the Government House at Toronto are not entitled to cite the President of the United States as one who enjoys no extras. It costs the Republic \$125,000 a year to maintain the President and his establishment, and while the country is greater and richer than ours, we have to bear in mind that the best men in English public life could not be induced to accept a responsible position in Canada if they were expected to live on a scale to which they had not been accustomed, or if they were required to draw upon their private fortunes to maintain such an establishment at Ottawa as the position demands. If we want the class of men who have been sent here since Confederation we must continue to maintain the Governor-General in a manner befitting the man and the office. If inferior men were sent us at a cheaper price, the experiment in economy might prove singularly disappointing.

Men who know how to conserve the dignity of the Crown while offering every possible obedience to the Commons; men who can occupy a position the most eminent in the country and accept universal social deference, without losing trace of the line that divides the social and political spheres; men who can be busy without doing anything, talkative without saying anything, influential without throwing their influence upon scales that yawn and gape to receive it—such men are not cheap or numerous, but rare and worthy of high hire. It is easier for an able man to run a country than to hold the empty name of power while refraining from even the appearance of meddling. It is questionable if society in Canada has developed far enough to produce men capable of such masterly inaction as must distinguish a Governor-General. To talk profound inanities and wise nonsense, to make feathery momentous and frills portentous, to be opinionless on all matters that invite opinion, requires a training such as men can scarcely get on this continent, where the children are taught to form and air opinions before they quit wearing bibs.

Any curtailment of the dignity of the Governor-Generalship that would in the future deprive us of the services of such a man as the Marquis of Lorne, would be a very false economy. What we gained through the services of this man cannot be summed up in the total of his performances while he occupied Rideau Hall, for his chief services to Canada have been accomplished since his return to Europe. He is the unofficial representative and champion of Canada in the social and political world of London. Whenever half-a-dozen men gather together to consider any matter of interest to the Dominion, the Marquis of Lorne is always present. He is tireless and always adroit in our service. If a chairman is required to preside over a meeting or to present a deputation, the Marquis of Lorne is the one distinguished Englishman most easily approached and readiest to respond. On one occasion a few years ago a large body of Canadian business men were in London and arranged a banquet to which many prominent men were invited. It was thought appropriate that an ex-Governor-General should preside, and as the Marquis of Lorne was in the Highlands of Scotland, Lord Dufferin was applied to. He sent a polite apology, Lord Lansdowne was within a few miles of London, and in reply to a telegram wired back that he would not be in London on the date mentioned. The ardor of the Canadians was quite dampened by these refusals, but at last they decided to wire to the Marquis. I have forgotten just where he happened to be, but he wired an immediate acceptance, and after a continuous trip of forty-eight hours arrived in time to preside and make the affair a decided success. A dozen instances of his lordship's self-sacrifice in our cause might be cited, and it is well known among our public men at Ottawa that in the Marquis of Lorne Canada has a friend who can serve us as no Canadian could possibly do in the outer world—a man, too, who is destined to play a great part in the world's affairs.

There are hundreds of ways of economizing without so reducing the salary of the Governor-General that he shall have to saw his own cordwood and sift his ashes for cinders. If we are to have a Governor-General at all we want one who has capacity for public affairs—the kind of man whose standing in diplomatic circles is such that he may afterwards be sent to India, to Turkey, or to France. The Governor-Generalship must not become so unpleasant or so cheap a post that it will become the plum which British Governments will throw to some troublesome political mendicant, or to some supernumerary clerk whose usefulness is gone and whose needs are many. If economy is to be practiced let it take the direction of retrenchment in the various departments of government. Let contracts be awarded in a businesslike way and payment made only for value received. An army of heelers who feed at the public cribs might be driven forth with advantage and without injury to the dignity and credit of the country.

A Startling Novelty.

Collier's Weekly.

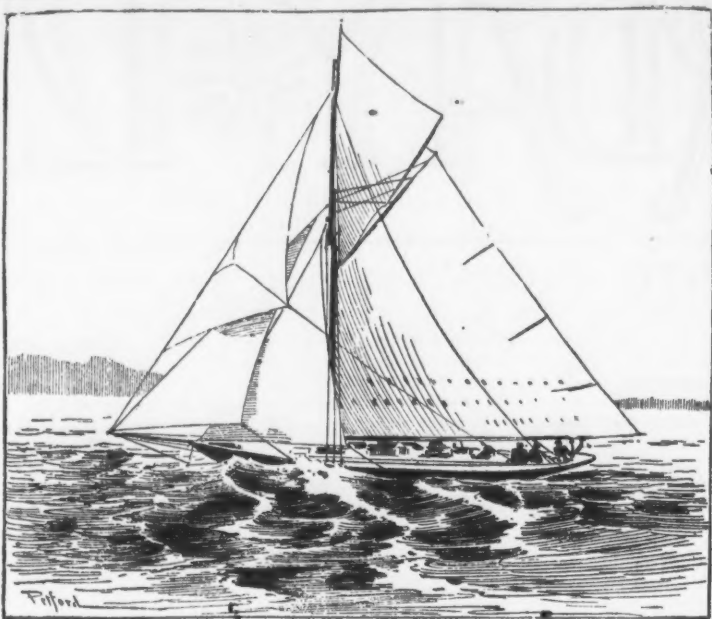
Theatrical Manager—What I want is a genuine novelty.

Playwright—Something realistic?

Theatrical Manager—Yes; but I don't want any real pugilists, or real naval disasters, or real love stock, or real battles in it.

Playwright (thoughtfully)—How would it do to spring something on the public with real actors in it?

Burrows—What is the best wheel on the market? Hills—The best wheel is not on the market any more. I bought it myself two weeks ago.—*Indianapolis Journal.*



The Champion Yacht "Canada."

Social and Personal.

Since our last issue the very sad death at sea of Sir David Macpherson has plunged his family into deep mourning and clouded the fair face of our lady of Government House with another sorrow. Mrs. Kirkpatrick's grief at the death of her mother little more than two years ago bid fair for a time to injure her health, and hardly had the wearing of mourning for Lady Macpherson ceased than again must the sombre crape shroud the children of the "Old Lion," as Sir David was playfully called by some of his friends. On Sunday noon a quiet little procession wound its way from Chestnut Park to St. James' cemetery to lay the master of the Park beside his wife's remains. The funeral was private, only a few intimate friends joining with the family in the performance of the last sad rites. Mrs. Kirkpatrick had the comfort of the presence of her three sisters, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. Dobell and Mrs. Meyrick Banks, on this trying occasion, and her brother, Mr. William Macpherson, was also one of the mourning group. Mrs. Percival Ridout, the fifth of the daughters of the house, is still in Europe, where she has been since winter. Sir David had determined, as I mentioned some weeks ago, to take his seat in the Senate this session, and though in delicate health saw fit to risk the sea voyage. That the fears of friends who strove to dissuade him were only too well founded, the sad catastrophe proved, and one more of the elders of our country, full of years and honors, has gone to his rest. Sincere sympathy encircles his children, from hundreds of loving friends; especially is the love and condolence offered to her who has so graciously ruled over the stately or merry functions of Toronto society for the past four seasons, from the many who rejoice in her sweet presence and for whom no one can fill the blank left by her temporary retirement.

The visit of Lord and Lady Russell, Miss Russell, Mr. Charles Russell of Killowen, Sir Frank and Lady Lockwood, Mr. Montague Crackanorpe, Q.C., and Mr. Fox was the only ripple on the last week of August's society placidity. Things have been preternaturally dull this week, but nothing was dull in the vicinity of the jolly party of travelers aforesaid. They are out for a good time, and they certainly have it in perfection. The Lord Chief Justice has a twinkle in his eye; in fact, there is a twinkle apiece for the *coterie*, and a hearty, pleasant, cheery atmosphere about them that is delightfully infectious. Almost on their arrival on Tuesday by the afternoon boat from Niagara, the whole party were packed aboard the Hiawatha and floated across to the Yacht Club, where a very nice little dinner was given by Mr. B. B. Osler in their honor. On Wednesday Lord Russell breakfasted at the Grange, lunched at Osgoode Hall and dined at the Toronto Club, filling in time between meals by a reception and interviews. The downpour of rain during the afternoon was much regretted by those smart people who desired to show the less pre-occupied members of the party the fine quarters of the Country and Hunt Club, whither a drive was arranged by Mr. Walter Barwick. The morning was bright, however, and the party (without the Chief Justice, who was besieged at the Queen's) coached around the city and had a very pleasant and enjoyable outing.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lee of Tranby avenue have returned from Europe after an enjoyable trip.

Mrs. James Carruthers goes to visit Mrs. Young of Alleghany next week.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Gooderham and Mr. Warden takes place the last week in September.

Next week will see many smart houses opening their windows after their midsummer sleep, and I hear of two or three dinners on the *tapis* for the near future.

Mrs. C. H. Gooderham gave an evening last Tuesday, at which some charming singing was enjoyed.

The Toronto Lawn Tennis Club's annual tournament begins next Monday on the Athletic Club lawns, on which day entries may be made until noon. Play commences at two o'clock.

On August 19 at St. John's church a very pretty wedding was celebrated, when Mr. Albert Ludlow of Toronto and Miss Minnie McD. Walsh, third daughter of Mrs. Sara Walsh, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Alexander Williams before a large number of friends of the contracting parties. Miss May J. Kells of Washington, who wore a costume of white organdie, and Miss McDougall wearing one of cream mull, acted as bridesmaids, and Mr. Harry Gross of this city was best man, with Mr. Lawrence Bishop as bride's usher. The bride's dress was of white

silk and lace. She wore the customary veil, with orange blossoms, and carried a lily in her prayer book. The ushers were Messrs. G. and H. F. Bishop of Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Brant place, where the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of many friends previous to their departure for a tour to the Thousand Islands.

Mrs. Cosby of Maplehyrn has returned from a summer at Penetanguishene.

The Peninsular Park Hotel is another hostelry which has received much praise from guests this season. Mrs. Duckworth has been a most successful manager, and a very pleasant summer has been spent at Lake Simcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Holman returned by the Numidian after a two months' trip to Europe.

Mr. Harry Field has been giving recitals in Germany and gives one in Leipzig on September 3 under very influential auspices.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the residence of Rev. W. F. Wilson on Tuesday evening, August 25, the bride being Miss Lizzie Henry, daughter of Mr. John Henry of County Fermanagh, Ireland, and the groom Mr. T. J. Roulston, son of the late Mr. William Roulston of County Tyrone, Ireland. The bridesmaid was Miss Maggie Henry, sister of the bride, and the best man Mr. Robert Martin. The knot was tied by Rev. W. F. Wilson, pastor of Trinity Methodist church, and only a few immediate relatives and friends of the happy couple were present. Mr. and Mrs. Roulston have taken up their residence at the corner of Delaware avenue and Shanley street.

The marriage of Mr. John Wallace and Miss Agnes E. Ringer of Picton was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents in that town recently. The ceremony took place at eleven o'clock, Rev. Rural Dean Loucks officiating. The bridesmaid was Miss Allie Delong of Wellington, and the groom's brother, Mr. James Wallace, was best man. The bridal group was completed by the two nieces of the bride, Misses Ida Hare and May Ringer. Miss Ringer's wedding-dress was of white silk and her bouquet of white roses; Miss Delong wore pale blue, and carried red roses; the other two young ladies were in white frocks, and their posies were of white and red carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have established themselves at 423 Church street, where Mrs. Wallace will be at home after August 30.

At the luncheon given for Lord Russell on Wednesday in the new library at Osgoode, the guests included Mr. Emmilius Irving, who presided, Mr. Justice Burton, Mr. Crackanorpe, Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. Charles Moss, Mr. B. B. Osler, the Premier of Ontario, Mr. Justice Bain of Manitoba, Sir Frank Lockwood, Sir Thomas Galt, Sir Hibbert Tupper, Sir William Meredith, Mr. Borden of Nova Scotia, Dr. Larratt Smith, Mr. Justice Osler, Mr. Justice Ferguson, Mr. George Christie Gibbons, Q.C., of London, Mr. D. B. McLennan, Q.C., of Cornwall, Mr. R. T. Walkem, Q.C., of Kingston, Mr. E. Bell and Mr. W. Douglas, Q.C.'s, of Chatham, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., Mr. G. F. Shepley, Q.C., Mr. H. W. Murray, Q.C., and Mr. W. E. Eakins.

The other day two queer-looking persons entered a large dry goods store on King street, and prowled about making sundry purchases for some time. Their gowns were tight in the sleeves, of the vintage of 1890, and of antiquated and misfitting appearance. In fact, so quaint and queer were they that the dapper shop-girls were in spasms of delight and giggles. Judge of their amazement when one of the customers with whom they were so much amused said quietly, "Send those things to Lady Brassey at the Queen's," and Lady Brassey she was, cat-sleeves, duck frock and all!

Dubiously pleasant was the prospect shadowed by the rumor of Colonel Otter's removal to Kingston. Congratulations would be so tinged with regret at losing the popular Colonel that they would quite lack the proper enthusiasm.

Miss Edith B. Mills of Seaton street returned home last week, having spent a pleasant month's holiday with friends in Collingwood.

At Grimsby Park, on the evening of August 24, before an audience of over three thousand people, Miss Lillian L. Armon of Toronto, a graceful and talented young elocutionist, captivated her large audience by her varied and exquisite selections.

Mr. Harry Gross, secretary of the Young Men's Liberal Club, has returned from Brighton and Belleville, where he has been visiting relatives. Miss Lena Gross of Rochester, N. Y., who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Lillie

Gross of McCaul street, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. D. A. Campbell, B.A., left for Ottawa this week to fill the position of Science Master in the Collegiate Institute of that city. Mr. Campbell is a specialist in his subject, and Ottawa is to be congratulated in securing Mr. Campbell's services as one of the Collegiate Institute staff.

The recent trial and condemnation in England of the notorious baby farmer roused horror in all minds, but it might be news to many of the horrified to know that Toronto the Good has her baby farms and that they follow well in the footsteps of their English examples. A couple of victims of these institutions, rescued by the Children's Aid Society's officers from the baby farm at 28 St. Clarendon avenue, are now in the Infants' Home, where kind nurses and incessant care are doing all that can be done to ease the sufferings of the hapless little creatures. Lesley Lashley and Maud Love have known trouble in their five months' experience of this wicked world, as can be plainly seen by their pictures taken last Tuesday. It appears that these and other superfluous arrivals are disposed of by their mothers through Adoption Agencies, which, for a good sum, cash down, agree to find a home for the infants. This home is found at unlicensed baby farms, where, on payment of a sum of money by the adoption agencies, the children are received and slowly starved to



The two children rescued from the Baby Farm.

death. This is a nice state of affairs! Humanity cries out for two things, the licensing and inspection of every baby farm and the sternest punishment of the wretches under whose care (!) the little infants have heretofore been allowed to perish. For, even when rescued, the children, owing to having been drugged as well as starved, are very seldom strong enough to battle successfully for their lives, even under the best care. Baby farms, properly managed, are one of the necessities of a low moral standard and animalism which unfortunately prevails in some quarters, but murder-farms are an unnecessary blot on the community.

In contrast to these wretched places and their abject occupants, it is refreshing to look over the Infants' Home, a well equipped and well managed shelter for the poor, the friendless and the victimized women and girls and their helpless little infants, who, whatever the circumstances of their birth, receive kind and tender care in this institution. That they thrive reasonably well is a fact, for the deaths in the Home are largely from the ranks of the miserable babes referred to in the former paragraph.



A group in the Infants' Home.

graph. On Tuesday our photographer took a picture of three of the Home babies, inmates since their birth, and rather fine little creatures. The Home celebrates its majority next October, and should receive a big birthday gift from its subscribers to free it from debt. One of its rules for admission of infants is that the mother must accompany the child, and nurse and care for it in the Home for several months. This period often works wonders in the character of a young and thoughtless girl, and at the expiration of the time the Board find her a place where she can earn an honest living and contribute something in support of her baby as well.



Paris Kid Glove Store

SUMMER SALE OF GLOVES

6-bt. length Undressed Kid Gloves, in all colors, reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.
4-bt. Fancy Stitched Undressed Kid Gloves with huge Pearl Buttons, \$1.25 per pair; regular price \$1.50.
Special line of Dressed Kid Gloves, reduced from \$1.25 to 75c.
Silk and Linen Gloves, at 25c., 50c., 75c. per pair.

MILLINERY

Fancy Pattern Hats and Bonnets at less than cost.

A few choice Silk Blouses at \$5; regular price \$10, \$12 and \$14.

Blouse Silks in all the newest shades, at 50c. per yard.

Embroidered Grass Linens, reduced from \$1.50 to 75c.

WM. STITT & CO.

11 & 13 King Street East

WE HAVE...

Special Value

in Dinner Sets

This Week

AT PRICES FROM...

6 to 20 dollars

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

Cor. Adelaide

Trustworthy Watches



The kind you can depend on for absolute satisfaction—good cases—good movements—at just about half the prices you've been accustomed to paying.

144 Yonge St.

Kents'

Note—Sign of the Big Clock.

ROSES...

CARNATIONS

SWEET PEAS

No gift so dainty for absent friends as a box of these fragrant flowers. Floral baskets, fancy pieces of any kind for dinner tables or anniversary celebrations made on shortest notice.
Mail, telephone or telegraph orders are filled with the choicest blooms cut direct from the trees and shipped to any part of Canada, guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Send for descriptive price list.

John H. Dunlop,
Florist,
Toronto.

5 KING STREET WEST

We Print Wedding Invitations

Send for samples and prices of engraved copper-plate work or type-printed invitations.

BAIN BOOK & STATIONERY CO.

53 King Street East, Toronto.

BRASS and IRON

Bedsteads

Don't fail to see our Exhibit when at the EXHIBITION.

RICE LEWIS & SON

(LIMITED)

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto

Social and Personal.

Next week will be Toronto's hustling time for the whole year. The great Industrial Fair draws to the city an interested and interesting crowd. We are to have Li Hung Chang, whose celestial smile is quite a curiosity. Premier Laurier is to be also a guest of the city, and the Governor-General and his Countess will be brightest stars in the social firmament. That fine weather may prevail is devoutly to be hoped for, as the Exhibition is *par excellence* an open-air function. As usual, on opening day society will grace the handsome grounds, which are a veritable picture before the great horde tramps them to death.

Several luncheon parties and drag parties are already arranged for visits to the Fair. A new and charming afternoon which smart people will give their visiting friends is a drive to the Country and Hunt Club-house, with a lunch or dinner.

Mrs. A. W. Blight of 28 North street will be at home on Thursday, Friday and Friday evening, September 3 and 4, from three to five and eight to ten.

The I.A.A.A. annual sports took place on Long Pond on Saturday afternoon and a fine day and great fun were on hand. A large concourse of boats moored alongside of a very staunch boom, were freighted with smart companies varying in numbers from two to half a dozen. Here was the canoe, with me and my best girl its only occupants; there the family row-boats, with papa, mamma and the family, whose united avoidulps brought the gunwale rather near the water. Here a corpulent man, who had inadvertently sat in a pool, roused the mirth of the spectators at a rear view; there a brawny young giant, bare to a wondrous extent, exhibited the acme of sunburn on his massive biceps and pillar of neck. There were tall boys and short boys, chubby boys and skinny boys, dripping boys and dry boys, but at the end some thoroughly tired-out boys, but all of them came to one amount. In and out of the water they dipped and ducked, floating like Millais's Ophelia, or diving like ducks in a ditch, scrambling in or tipping out of canoes with equal nonchalance. The tilting contest, as usual, made no end of fun. The wild bamboo lances, with their plump-pudding on the end, and the bastes, and swipes, and snacks the doughty tilters gave each other therewith, ending by the inevitable sousing of some hapless warrior, and the jeers and laughter of the unfeeling crowd at his expense are they not yearly the hilarious finale of the I. A. A. sports? On the barge were groups of ladies and gentlemen much amused and interested, and the grand stand was well filled by a much smarter audience than one often sees at such affairs. The final victor at the tilting tourney was the fine young grandson of Sir Casimir Gzowski, Mr. C. Stanislaus Gzowski, who succeeded in ducking Harvey McNaught after a long and stubborn fight, the valiant Harvey having previously ducked a brawny foe, Mr. Goldman, amid wild shouts of applause. A Memphis man on the top seat of the grand stand regards this tilting tourney as the greatest fun he ever witnessed, and was convulsed with mirth at the whole thing.

Messrs. A. B. and C. S. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Paterson, Mrs. W. C. Phillips, Messrs. K. C. and A. E. Beatty, Mr. W. J. Kavanagh, Miss Hamilton, Mr. F. L. Lewis, Mr. L. F. Burke of Toronto, Mr. H. H. Strath of Barrie, Mr. T. R. Merritt and Miss Benson of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Roos of Berlin, Mrs. I. W. and Miss A. C. Wheelock, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Newschaefer, Mrs. C. A. Blood, Mr. C. E. Lansing, Dr. I. H. P. and Mrs. Hodgson, child and nurse of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Englehart, Miss Moncreiff and Miss Belle Moncreiff of Petrolia, Judge and Mrs. S. J. Jones of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hatch, Miss Gertrude Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Manchester of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. F. Cowan and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hamlin of Oshawa, Gen. and Mrs. Black and daughter of Chicago, Mr. C. L. Lewis of Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lefroy of Port Hope and Mr. H. M. Wood of Millbank are registered at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka.

On Monday evening last a party of friends of Dr. C. R. Notman and his charming wife, who are about to leave Toronto to take up their residence in Dayton, Ohio, enjoyed a delightful drive about the city in the doctor's famous tally-ho, followed by a supper. The enjoyment of the sumptuous spread was supplemented by a bright succession of toasts and songs. The doctor in the course of a neat and witty speech assured his friends that though business arrangements took him to a foreign land, he should while there lose none of his love for his old Toronto home. The company separated wishing their host the greatest happiness and prosperity that they could wish or hope to expect outside of Toronto.

The following are at Hotel Hanlan: Mrs. K. C. Buck, Mrs. E. S. King of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Charles E. Turner of Rochester, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. Patterson of Eastbrook, Mr. T. H. Cameron of Toronto, Mr. Thomas Hurley of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson of Millbrook, Mr. W. D. McBean of Port Arthur, Miss Patterson of Ottawa, Mr. Fred Gaud of San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. N. Merritt, Mr. G. S. McConkey, Mr. and Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Dr. John Potts, Mr. Laratt W. Smith, Mr. Lorne M. Somerville, Mrs. Robert Wilkes, Miss L. Wilkes, Mr. L. Carlisle of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. T. Henry Slater, Mrs. Sparling of Winnipeg, Miss Ada L. Crawford of Ireneo, Iowa, Mrs. L. Barclay of Whitby, Miss Morgan of Cobourg, and Mrs. Spen of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright returned from England last Thursday on the Labrador. Mr. Wright is not in his usual robust health, but hopes the promised and present fine weather will restore him, as do all his friends.

This week's Monday at the Yacht Club is reported to have been the most brilliant of these very jolly reunions yet held. Several strangers were present, amongst others beautiful Miss Archer of Texas, who was surrounded by admirers as usual, and Miss Swift of Kingston, the guest of Miss Marion Barker of

The NASMITH CO.

51 King Street East, Toronto

The Finest
... of the FineNasmith's
Delicious Chocolates
Choicest Bon-Bons

IF THEY'RE NASMITH'S, THEY'RE PURE

We will forward on receipt of price—1 lb. box, 55 cents. 3 lb. box, \$1.50
2 " 1.05 " 5 " 2.30

Delivered FREE to any part of Canada

THE WORLD'S BEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER

Hunyadi János

Dr. E. Monin, Secretary of the "Société Française d'Hygiène," writes:

It is the remedy valued by sedentary workers whose functions it regulates.

Most valuable to prevent hemorrhoids.

CAUTION: None genuine without the signature
of the firm "Andreas Saxlehner" on the label.

Lord Russell

came 3,857 miles, and

Li Hung Chang

will have traveled

14,007 Miles

to see our Canada, which proves that it may be well worth seeing. Now, have you any friends living at a distance who would like to see our beautiful country, but who for some reason cannot do so? Why not get one of

Our Cameras

and send them a glimpse or two of it, and at the same time make pleasure for yourself.

F. A. Mulholland & Co

159 Bay Street, Toronto

THE BEST ALWAYS IN STOCK

Beverly street. What with Yacht Club Mondays, I.A.A.A. Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Sahara Thursdays, Islanders are continually dancing here, there and elsewhere.

Mr. Thomas Hodgins, who has been away in England on business, returned home on Sunday. The Misses Hodgins returned home last week.

Among the guests at Milford Bay House this week are: Mrs. T. and Miss Fisher of Dundas, Mr. N. Morrison, Mr. L. Thorp, Mr. G. Calvert, Mr. A. G. Murray and Mrs. Murray of Toronto.

Mrs. H. A. Hamilton will be at home to her friends on Thursday and Friday, September 3 and 4, at 98 D'Arcy street.

A Parkdale party left on Monday evening per steamer Hamilton for Montreal. Among those noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Buchan, Hon. S. C. Biggs, Mrs. Biggs and Miss Biggs.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

An unusually large number attended the hop at the Queen's last Saturday. A few of the many dancing were: Miss Sage, Mr. B. and Miss Ogilvie, the Misses Reddy, Mrs. Onslow, Mr. Allan Anderson, Miss Amalie Altman, Miss Straus, Miss Bertha Straus, Mr. Joe Syer, Mr. C. Heward, Miss Greene, Mr. W. Boughton, Mr. Guy Boughton, Miss Elliott, Lieut. McFarland, the Misses McFarland, Lieut. Paine, Lieut. Fox, Miss Chance of Fort Niagara, Miss Temple, Miss Dickson, Mr. Honeybun, Mr. DeWitt, Mrs. Willie Boughton, Mr. Tilden, Miss McPherson, Miss King, Mr. Stewart, Miss Masters, Mr. Connelly, Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Dick, Mr. Dennis, Mrs. Barton, Miss Fleischmann, Mr. G. Kendall, Mr. Hall, Mr. W. Anderson, Mr. Warren, Mr. Charles Mee, Mr. Adams, Mr. G. Rogers, Miss Walsh, Miss Beddome, Mr. Seagram, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Babcock.

The following are among the latest arrivals at the Queen's: Mrs. M. E. Parker of New York, Miss Marie Babcock, Mr. S. C. Babcock, Mr. John K. Bennett, Miss Bennett of Buffalo; Mr. J. Foulkes, Mr. Lionel Escomb of Victoria, B.C.; Mr. George Chesman of Toronto, Mr. George Cox, Miss Kate Masters, Miss Grace Babcock of Rochester, Mr. Arthur Connelly of Toronto, Mr. George M. Kendall, Mr. Charles G. Hall, Mr. G. D. Adams, Mr. George Tilden, Mr. William Stuart of Buffalo; Miss McPherson of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. F. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Gay, Miss C. Tilden of Buffalo; Mrs. A. R. Pope of New York, Mr. R. G. Cox of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Walsh of Buffalo, Mrs. H. Barton, Miss Mary Walsh, Mr. Edward F. Walsh of Washington; Mr. D. C. Dyer of Chicago, Mr. A. C. Dennis of Philadelphia, Mr. J. R. Johnson, Mrs. W. Riggs of St. Catharines; Mr. G. C. Rogers of Lockport, Mr. A. C. Folkes, Mr. D. B. Dick of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. C. Marion of Buffalo.

Mrs. Fabian, who has been stopping with Mrs. B. Nash, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Edward Hewgill returned to St. Louis this week.

Miss Morrison of Spadina avenue, Toronto, is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Robert Dickson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Fleischmann celebrated the anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening. Everyone was present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. A dance and a very sumptuous champagne supper were the two features of the occasion.

The international golf tournament begins on Wednesday, September 2. The first event will be a handicap at 2.30 p.m., open to all members of a recognized golf club. Eighteen holes. Medal play. Entrance fee \$2.00, 4.30 p.m., driving competition by points for distance. Total score in three trials. Entrance fee \$1.00.

Thursday, September 3, 11 a.m. International championship. Eighteen holes. Open to all amateur members in good standing of a golf club which in the United States has membership in the National Golf Association, or which in Canada has membership in the Royal Canadian Golf Association. Final round of thirty-six holes. Entrance \$3.00. First prize, a gold medal; second, silver medal; third and fourth, bronze medals.

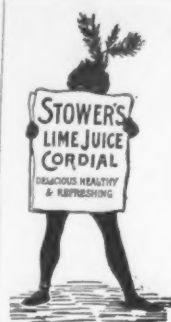
The winner will be entitled to the custody of the International trophy which is now held by Mr. C. B. Macdonald of Chicago, and which becomes the property of any player winning it three years in succession. 2 p.m. Second round of international championship.

Friday, 11 a.m. Consolation handicap. Open to all players who have competed in the tournament and failed to win a prize. Eighteen holes. Medal play. Entrance \$1.00, 2 p.m. Final round of international championship. 4 p.m. Ladies' event. Open. Nine holes. Match play. Entrance \$1.00.

A professional match has also been arranged, which will be most interesting. Entries will be received by the honorary secretary up to noon on Tuesday, September 1, and should be made as far as possible through secretaries of the clubs to which players belong. With entries for handicap event a copy of the club handicap should be sent. Fees should accompany entries. Entries for consolation handicap will be received up to Thursday evening, September 3.

A plan of the course will be furnished to all those proposing to make entries on application to the honorary secretary, Mr. Stuart Houston, 18 Toronto street, Toronto. GALATEA.

NO MUSTY FLAVOR!

STOWER'S
Pure Lime Juice Lime Juice Cordial

Champagne Pints and Quarts

Clarified Lemon Squash Square Glass Stopped Bottles

POPULAR AND BEST

HEALTHY AND REFRESHING

For Sale by all the Principal Druggists and Grocers
Throughout the Dominion.

Seasonable Goods.

Sponges

The greatest variety and best value we have ever shown.

Sponge Bags

Bathing Caps

Traveling Cases

Bath Brushes & Towels

And a great choice of those staple goods, as

Tooth Brushes

Hair Brushes

Nail Brushes

HOOPER'S

43 King Street West

QUEEN'S ROYAL

Hotel and Cottages
Niagara-on-the-Lake
The Newport of Canada

International Tennis Tournament Tuesday, August 25th, and following days.

Wednesday, Aug. 26, Grand Concert and Dance
Thursday, Aug. 27, Tennis Cotillion
Friday, Aug. 28, Musical and Hop
Saturday, Aug. 29, Tournament Ball

International Golf Tournament begins Wednesday, September 2nd.

California Fruit

Is now in full swing. We make a specialty of packing baskets of fruit and vegetables to send away. Call and inspect our stock.

F. SIMPSON

756, 758 & 760 YONGE STREET

Telephones 3445, 4239

It's the Correct Thing

to do your society correspondence on

FROSTED VELLUM

note paper. There are many styles—all fashionable—but the latest is the Titian shape.

Wedding Invitations a specialty.

W. M. TYRRELL & CO.

12 King St. West, Toronto

Home Again

Families returning to the city are reminded of the superiority of the Alpine Dairy Co.'s Milk and Cream.

The milk is absolutely pure, rich and delicious, delivered in sealed bottles.

Table and Whipping Cream, Creamery Butter and Buttermilk fresh every day.

Two Daily Deliveries

TELEPHONE The Alpine Dairy Co. 4450

Cor. Yonge and Isabella

COOK'S Turkish Baths

204 King Street West

Phone 1286

Have Re-opened after Extensive Alterations and Enlarging of Premises

Gent's bath—Day, 75c; evenings, 50c.
Lady's bath, including hairdressing, 75c.

Experienced Chiropodist always in attendance.

Reduced Rates

During the Exhibition in this city there will be reduced fares by boat and rail. Take advantage of them, see the Fair, and if you are troubled with

superfluous hair or any other blemish of the face, hair, hands or figure, call and see us too. We are the fastest operators in removing superfluous hair by electrolysis in Canada. Send stamp for

"HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS"

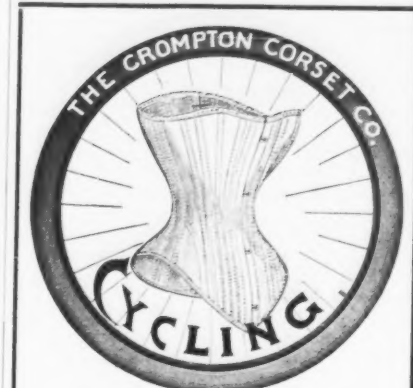
The very best preparation for removing Freckles, Moth Patches, Tan, Eczema, Rashes, etc., is the Princess Complexion Purifier. Price \$1.50, express paid; 3 bottles for \$4.

Canada's Only Complexion Specialists

Misses Moote & High

The Graham Institute, 41 Carlton St., Toronto

Telephone 1888.



See her spin down the street,
A stylish figure sweet—
What makes her look so neat?
Why, of course it
Is the Crompton
Cycling Corset.

DURING THE TORONTO EXHIBITION

Armand's Hair Store

Will offer special inducement to these patrons

In Fashionable Hair Goods

Ladies and Gents' Wigs and Toupees, Ladies' Waves, Head-coverings, Ladies' styles Bangs and Fringes.

Armand's Fine Long Hair Switches still keep the lead. Ladies in want of a nice fine hair switch should never fail to go to Armand's; they keep the best assorted and largest stock of hair goods in the country.

Our Hair Dressing Department is the best appointed in every respect comparing with others.

Ladies and children's hair Trimmed, Singed and Shampooed. Best of care is taken to improve the growing glory of a woman.

Hair and scalp scientifically treated in every case.

Gray Hair instantaneously colored to its original shade. We have special parlors for restoring gray hair. We never fail to give satisfaction.

Hair Ornaments—See our handsome styles. Real Steel, real Tortoise-shell, real Amber and real Jet Pins and Combs, Hair Bands, Algiettes, etc.

Our Face Massage and Steam Treatments are the most beneficial and natural treatment of all others; they preserve and improve a healthy complexion.

Manicure for ladies, children and gentlemen. Best manicure 50c; by ticket cheaper.

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton TORONTO, CANADA.

Tel. 2488

When Visiting Toronto's Great Fair

Do not fail to see Pemberton's Exhibition of fine Hair Goods at 127-129 and 778 Yonge Street, the largest and best equipped establishment in Canada.

Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches, Gentle-men's Wigs and Toupees a specialty.

There is no Jack-of-all-trades about us.

We take good care that when we embark in a new line of business it is not in a bicycle cart invention, that any sane man would be ashamed of. We have no desire to keep it secret that we have

Turkish Baths. I can afford to leave it to the public, whether a lady's hair goods, hair dressing and bicycle cart business harmonizes the best. We sell hair goods, guaranteed as represented, and nothing but the finest cut hair used. Ask for one of our new catalogues, and you will be satisfied that with us you will get satisfaction in quality and price. Switches from 75c. to \$15; natural wavy, from \$3 to \$15. Bangs in endless variety from \$1 up.

TURKISH BATHS—Ladies' bath and hair dress, 50c; shampooing, trimming and singeing included, \$1.15. Gentlemen's—day, 75c; evening, 50c. Excellent sleeping accommodation.

W. T. PEMBERTON, Prop.

A Woman's ... Features

Should determine the manner of wearing the hair. To obtain the best effect requires study and care. A style that looks well on one may appear hideous on another. To decide the matter satisfactorily and definitely, place yourself under the care of the artists at DOREN WEND'S. At this establishment you will find demonstrations of all the various ways of wearing the hair.

In Frontpieces there are wavy, curly and pompadour styles in various widths and depths.

In switches, fine all long hair, so that you can coil or braid them in with your own back hair, high or low, flat or bulky, to suit any fancy.

For Bald Persons a natural-looking Wig or Half-Wig is desirable, both for appearance and for health.

The DOREN WEND CO., Ltd.

103 & 105 Yonge Street

Leaders for Fine Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments, Hair Dyes and Hair Accessories

Bodega Restaurant and Grill Room

Established 1870.

Cor. Leader Lane & Wellington St.

Individual dining rooms for private parties.

Catering for Banquets, Parties, Teas, etc., on short notice. ALBERT WILLIAMS.

"JACK, WHERE BE YOU?"

BY CHARLES KELSEY GAINES.
(Copyright, 1896, by the Bachelier Syndicate.)

PART I.

There is a brutal pastime in vogue among the lumbermen of Maine and New Hampshire, so intimately connected with the tragic story which I am about to relate, that I shall begin by describing it. This game, known as "Jack, where be you?" is especially popular during the long winter evenings, when the gang is assembled in camp after the day's work is finished. To the spectators it has the keen interest of the prize fight or the veritable duel. To the participants it is a rather serious affair, or would seem so to more civilized men. But hard heads enjoy hard knocks, and volunteers are easily found.

A ring is formed; the contestants kneel on the floor, facing each other, and are securely blindfolded. Each holds in his right hand a stout leather strap, made formidable by the heavy iron buckle at the end. The left hand, which may slide about freely, but must be kept on or near the floor, grasps one end of another strap; this is drawn taut between the combatants, and must never be dropped. When all is ready, one—the man who has been lucky enough to win the toss—calls out: "Jack, where be you?" Whereupon the other must immediately answer: "Here I be." The first then strikes at the point where he fancies him to be with the buckle end of his strap, swinging it with all his force. If he hits his man he may strike again, and so on, till he misses, but as soon as he fails to score, the other may call on him with the same ominous challenge: "Jack, where be you?"

This continues through a series of rounds—



Some poor broken wretch lies groveling.

ordinarily until one of the two is disabled. For a man to be knocked senseless by a heavy blow from the weighted strap is nothing uncommon, and serious injuries are occasionally inflicted. But there is just where the fun comes in—at least in the eyes of the lumberman. His whole life is made up of peril and hardship; no sport is lively enough to tickle his tough palate unless hotly spiced with pain and hazard. So "Jack, where be you?" is a favorite amusement.

It was near Arctic Falls, in the interminable wilderness of northern Maine, that the tragedy occurred. I was very familiar with the region as a boy, and many times heard the story repeated with all the vivid detail natural to those for whom memory serves as substitute for imagination.

The place is rugged and picturesque beyond compare. The savage little hamlet lies in the valley of the Antigonish, where the plunging stream has cut through the solid granite a deep gorge, in which the drives of logs clog and gather in bristling jams, while the dammed-up waters rise behind in tumult, and surge with new fury through the tangled obstruction. Imagine the peril of those who go down into the roaring chasm to tug and pry at the foot of this gigantic dead-fall, until, as some trigger-like combination is loosened, the whole mass shudders and gives way, and a thunderous avalanche of foam and logs plunges down the steep sluiceway.

Many are the victims that this merciless wooden juggernaut has claimed. Each year, on the white beach at the foot of the rapids, are found red-shirted forms, mangled and distorted, cast up there by a swirling eddy. They are pulled out from among the murderous logs that are driven up on the same sands, and are carted away to the nearest graveyard, ten miles distant. For there are no graves at Arctic Falls—there is not soil enough; the hard, granite floor is uncared for with sod. Neither are there any wells—what use to drive shafts down in the flinty rock? And the rivulets that race down from the overhanging hills have all cut through the thin film of mold, and speed over beds of smooth black stone. On the main street of the village the heavy wagons jar along a naked ledge of rock; in the forest the great roots of the trees stand out like talons, gripping for a foothold; and the mountains that wall in the barren scene show seamy slopes so bare and precipitous that a loosened boulder will fly down like a cannon ball until it crashes in the thicket below. Arctic Falls fills many graves, but provides none; savage and pitiless, it casts out its dead unburied.

And the mills—they are as merciless as the torrent that drives them. The fierce shriek of the fanged saw ever mingles with the howling of the waters. Night and day they run at race-horse speed in serried gangs that rip through half a dozen logs at once. Great dripping tree-trunks rush in a ceaseless stream up the steep incline, are tossed about like straws by the massive machinery, and fall in a heap of slab and plank before you could walk their length. The throbbing air is heavy with the odor of spray and the aromatic fragrance of fresh red pine. Jagged edgings, like giant tooth-picks, heap up in mountainous stacks, which are burned each night; and the red flames light a scene worthy of the Inferno. Woe to the foot that slips or the hand that falters in such a place. Scarcely a week passes without some ghastly accident. The signs are all about you; faces frightful with livid, ill-healed mutilations; men stumbling about amid the pitfalls of the mill on rude wooden legs; men feeding the

ravenous saws, that have already tasted their flesh, with an iron hook where the hand should be. You enter a novel, and in a dingy corner some poor broken wretch lies groveling, groaning, cursing, praying for death. Things happen here too horrible for words.

What wonder that men grow hard and reckless! Life and limb are cheap at Arctic Falls. And who are they that dwell in this roofless cavern among the hills—who endure this life of peril, toil, and torture? They are—or were, for time changes all things, and the tribes of men come and go—they were, in the days when I knew the place, of New England origin, with a sprinkling of Canadian French. They were not, on the whole, a sad-hearted, nor yet a bad-hearted people. Their religion was chiefly of the "revival" type. There was plenty of good fellowship, though fierce disputes were frequent; and they lived with the dare-devil abandon of men who felt that to-morrow might see them writhing in torment, here or elsewhere—for most of them sincerely expected to go to hell at last. But they seemed to think they could stand it. Life at Arctic Falls was certainly good preparation.

The wives and daughters of these men were the natural product of their environment—sturdy, coarse-fibred, but sound-hearted, self-respecting and respected. Life was a battle, and they fought it out and held their own. They were rather more religious than were the men, but not much more tender-hearted. Nevertheless wooing and wedlock went on here as in other places, and saw-mill society, though brutal, was not corrupt.

The belle of the place was Sally Harden. She was big, bold and rosy, rough as her company, but sound to the core. Presume an inch too far, and you got a knock-down cuff for your pains, but there was no malice in it; you were at liberty to join the laugh and resume the flirtation—for she was something of a flirt withal. Great coils of copper-red hair turbaned her head. Red hair was a taunt in the saw-mill settlement, but she led the dance none the less; her beauty was of the chromo sort which millhands and lumbermen could appreciate. She wore heavy, gold-plated jewelry, and an excess of inexpensive rings; but all this seemed to suit her style and you would hardly have wished her to change it. Her dresses were of trying and often positively painful hues, but really, she could carry off a big dose of bad taste with success.

She had many admirers, but only two, Jim Jones and Nick Burdo, were seriously in question. Jim was a robust, florid youth, six feet in height and almost as handsome as Sally herself. His face was slightly scarred—for he never shirked a fight—but, as yet, hardships and dissipation had made but little impression on him. He was strong and clever, a general favorite.

Nick was more feared than liked. He was some years older than Jim, tall, dark and sinewy, with the fierceness and endurance of a wolf. His fights were rarely fist fights. Though doubtless of Canadian origin, his command of language surpassed that of any other man in the settlement. His glib and specious tongue was apt to gain its point, yet even while it persuaded it seemed somehow to arouse distrust. The scene is laid. Now comes the tragedy.

PART II.

It was on the Fourth of July. The mills were shut down and the day had been celebrated with drunkenness and riot to an extent unusual even at Arctic Falls. Already there had been several fights.

That evening a dance was held. In the woods, close by the big, ramshackle boarding-house of the principal mill, a floor had been laid, and a multitude of lanterns, both white and red, were hung upon the waving branches over and around it. The vendors of ice-cream, candy



You got a knock-down cuff for your pains.

and drinks were doing a great business. The men were all flushed with whisky and many of the women had not altogether confined themselves to lemonade, though two large washtubs full of this rather poisonous beverage stood ready for their use. The dance was uproarious. The men threw in jigs and double shuffles that almost beat holes in the planks of the floor, and now and then gave yells like Comanches. There were having a glorious time. More and more the music raved in tuneless discords, and strove to make up in violence what it lacked in melody; while the hoarse, drunken voice of the leader bawled out impossible combinations for the dance. Who cared? The wilder the disorder the greater the fun.

Sally was there, of course. Indeed, her father—who was running the nearest boarding-house—was director of the dance. And the rivals were there, both feeling particularly ugly—for Sally had chosen to show them scant courtesy that day.

And now the last dance was reached. Both claimed it and both claimed a promise—perhaps with justice. Sally grew petulant.

"I don't care how you settle it," she cried. "Have it out between you."
Both started; it was a rash word. In an instant the suggestion had outrun her wishes and passed beyond her control.

"Will you dance with the one what licks?" cried Jim.

A little circle had formed in the crowd. "That won't do," said Nick. "I'll fight ye all right, ye cussed whelp, but she's got to marry the one that licks."

The sentiment was echoed back from the crowd. "She's fooled with ye long enough, fellers. Make her come to time."

Sally was terrified. The storm had burst; the elements had the upper hand. Her answer was taken out of her mouth.

"Well, I'm ready whenever ye can get that blasted coward to stand up to me," sneered Nick.

A blow full in the face was the answer. Nick's pistol leaped out as the head of a serpent springs from coil. Sally's quick hand struck up the muzzle, yet the bullet sheared through



"Fight fair, or I shan't promise nobody."

Jim's curly locks, and the powder blackened his brow.

"How dare you?" screamed the girl. "Fight fair or I shan't promise nobody. I won't have no pistol shootin'."

"S'pose yer want us ter hev it out in a game o' 'Jack, where be ye,' or some such devilish nonsense," growled Nick.

It was not seriously meant, but it caught the fancy of the mob. There was a roar of approbation.

A huge form came shouldering the throng. It was Harden. He staggered a little: no man present had drunk more whisky that night, yet he was plainly the soberest as well as the biggest of them all, and their master.

"What's the row?" he demanded.

The matter was explained. "Drawed on Jim, did he? Well, boys, ye're right. It's time this thing was settled, and this here's a good way. Jim, can ye strap the hide clean off'n the sneak'n' cuss?"

For answer Jim unbuckled his heavy leather belt and swung it above his head until it shrieked like a buzz saw. Nick sneered, but paled a little; and his crafty brain was busy.

"Say we have it out in a game o' 'Jack,' he said, 'do ye promise?'"

Sally bowed her head.

"Whichever one licks?"

"Ye must fight fair," she cried, "and there mustn't be no pistol shootin' now nor after."

"I'll see fair play," said Harden. "Now, Sally, ye clear out. Go to yer room an' stay there."

She went, weeping. Harden was boss everywhere. He handled men as the machinery handled the logs. The rest of the women were packed off with her. The dance was over.

A ring was formed, and straps thrown on the floor for the combatants to make choice.

"Them things ain't no use," cried Nick contemptuously. "If I'm licked I'll shoot him later on, an' if he's licked he'll lay fer me. Ye can't hinder us. Give us knives, so's we can settle it right now. We can play 'Jack' just the same with knives."

The maddened crowd took it up. The gladiatorial passion was rising. "That's right," they yelled. "Give 'em knives an' let 'em settle it." Harden and a few others protested. "We can't have no knifin'," they urged; but the mob only clamored the more, and the frenzy grew.

Jim was silent.

"D—it, give us the knives," he said, at last. "Let's have it out."

Harden had taken another drink—to steady his nerves for his responsible duties as umpire. He no longer staggered, but the whisky and excitement fired his brain; and at Jim's word his dare-devil temper broke loose.

"Let her rip, then," he shouted, "and devil take the loser. Fetch on yer knives, ye bloody cusses."

Two huge meat-knives were brought from the kitchen. The duellists sat down on the floor, and whetted them to a razor edge on their boot legs. Their eyes were then securely bandaged. In place of the connecting strap, the ends of a dog-chain were firmly fastened about their left wrists. They faced one another on all fours, each grasping his murderous weapon. The chain was drawn taut. Jim won the toss.

"All ready—go in," shouted the umpire.

"Jack, where be you?" called Jim.

"Here I be," hissed Nick. He jerked the chain, but did not change his position.

Jim, who counted on a spring, struck to the left and missed; but his heavy blade split the flooring and buried itself to the hilt.

"Nick next," said the umpire. "Watch out, Jim," yelled the crowd.

Again the deadly formula was uttered. Jim sprang backward to the limit of the chain, jerking Nick's left hand along the floor. Yet as the steel descended with venomous swish, the point drew a stinging line down Jim's cheek; it reddened, and bright drops trickled down.

"Strike again," cried the umpire.

Nick made a quick, catlike stroke in the same direction; but Jim had doubled and was close by his side. The men cheered.

"Now, Jim."

Jim twitched the chain, then struck. Nick slipped from under the well-aimed blow, but the keen edge clipped the tip of a finger from

"Nobody Questions"

the quality—because its beyond question.

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

Is sold on a gold standard.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY.

ALL GROCERS.

the hand that rested on the floor. He instantly closed his fist, but the befraying blood oozed out through his clenched knuckles and stained the boards.

"None o' that," growled the umpire. "Show up fair. Jim again."

Jim listened, then struck with all his force. Nick sprang full against his opponent's chest. Jim's arm crossed Nick's body, and the over-reaching blade shattered itself on a tough knot in the floor.

"Don't give him another," cried Nick, as he heard the jingle of the broken blade. "He's no right to another knife."

But the umpire ruled otherwise. A new knife was brought and sharpened. It was Nick's turn, however.

"Jack, where be you?"

"Here I be."

The chain slackened. Nick wheeled and struck close beside him. A roar went up from the crowd; then a groan, mingled with cries of rage. For Jim lay prone in a pool of blood. The savage blow had fallen on the back of his neck, and the spine was severed. The game was finished.

"All up," cried Harden hoarsely. "Jim's done for, you infernal hell-cat."

Nick tore the bandage from his eyes, and staggered to his feet. The mob lurched forward with raving threats.

"Keep back, d— you," thundered Harden. "Twas a fair blow, an' ye would have it so, ye murderin' devils. Fetch out Sall."

He was still boss of the gang. They were cowed and obeyed him. After all, it was his own business, and they would not interfere. They might get their chance later.

The girl was led in. The crowd was very quiet now. She gazed on the bloody floor. "Jim dead?" she said vacantly. She knelt



Nick wheeled and struck close beside him.

beside the body, then with a shriek flung herself upon it, moaning.

"None o' that," said her father sternly.

"Tain't no use. He's dead."

He pulled her to her feet. She stood up, dabbled with blood, shaking in every limb.

"Well, I reckon ye belong to me," said Nick brutally. "Come on."

She cast a long look at the prostrate form.

"I wisht it was Jim," she said.

"You ain't goin' back on a feller now?"

"I ain't goin' back on nobody," she answered, "but I wisht it was Jim."

"Come along, then," he said, glancing around uneasily. "Don't ye see I can't be loafin' here?"

She looked at her father.

"They fit out fair," he said slowly, "an' ye give yer word. I hain't nothin' to say."

The girl shuddered.

"But to-night you git home. Shet up, Nick, blast ye. Ef ye want her, come to-morrow an' ask fer her, an' I'll see ye git yer rights. Shet up, I say. Go 'long, Sall."

To-morrow dawned. The tragic grove was deserted. Some of the lanterns still flickered with a dingy gleam. And in their midst, just over the bloody floor, stiff and cold and denched with dew, dangled a sprawling figure. It was riddled with bullets, and blood was dripping from it in sullen clots upon the stark form that lay beneath.

Thus it chanced that Nick never claimed his bride.

And Sall? They did not find her in her room that morning. But they found her two days later, on the white beach below the gorge; and

one more corpse was carted down the rough road to the distant graveyard.

THE END.

As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired talent or heredity those old foes, scrofula or consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

Mrs. Hendricks (proudly walking out of the sewing-room)—"Well, Percy, how do you like my bloomers?" Mr. Hendricks—"Oh, they do very well; but, dear me, how much older than usual they make you look." On the following day a neat package, intended for the far-away heathen, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Convent of Richmond, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

He is no longer the Boy Orator of the Platte, but the Boy Reader of Platitude.—*New York Tribune.*

SUNLIGHT SOAP PICTURES ...FOR... WRAPPERS

A pretty colored picture for every 12 "Sunlight" or every 6 "Lifebuoy" Soap wrappers. These pictures are well worth getting.

ADDRESS:

LEVER BROS., Ltd.
23 Scott St., Toronto

DR. O. H. ZEIGLER, Dentist.
Room 31, "The Forum," Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Office hours, 9 to 5. Office telephone, 2232. Residence—421 Jarvis Street.

conditions

In some conditions the gain from the use of **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children.

In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almost imperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for tired and weak digestions.

Scott & Bown, Chemists, 50c. and \$1.00

Use ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI After meals. Refuse Imitations. See book coupons inside of wrappers.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD MINES

We have for sale stock in all the working mines in the district, viz.: Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask, Josie, Jumbo, St. Elmo, Virginia, Crown Point, Monte Christo, Cariboo, Monarch, MAYFLOWER, &c. Prospectus of the latter and printed information about other mines will be sent on application. The stocks we sell are the BEST in the market, and are only those of developed properties. Address: **SAWYER, MURPHY & CO.,** Canada Life Building, Toronto.

Bookbinding Wanted

Yes. Well, telephone 2406 and we will give you satisfaction. We manufacture office blank books, bind magazines, &c. We are practical bookbinders in all its branches.

LAWSON & WILSON
23 & 24 Lombard Street

The Hunter, Rose Company, Ltd

Printers and Bookbinders
25 Wellington Street West, Toronto
Estimates given. Telephone 845

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge Street TELEPHONE 679

Fine Coffee

"REINDEER" BRAND CONDENSED COFFEE

INGREDIENTS—
PURE COFFEE
CREAM
GRANULATED SUGAR

ALL GROCERS

A Wolf Story.

Forest and Stream.

It was pitch-dark save only where the faint glow of the camp-fire—burned to the embers—penetrated the gloom for a few feet and seemed to intensify the wall of utter blackness which hedged it around. The balsam limbs extending their feathery extremities into the small circle of light seemed supported by invisible means as they swayed and vibrated in the quivering heat that arose from the hot firebrands. A rising wind swept the summits of the lofty pines, sounding sweet and soft and far as a child's lullaby. Our team of mules and Canadian horses stood perfectly silent a rod away, where they had been secured for the night.

We were dozing, Ernest and I, soothed by the almost insensible harmonious vibrations. Ernest was curled up like a hibernating deer (and indeed that is the name the Indians gave him, or "Moqua" in their language), his head pillowed on his immense driving-boots; and he seemed to be about to fall into a sound sleep, when suddenly he sat bolt upright, stared wildly at the fire, and before I had time to enquire the cause of his sudden move had leaped to the pile of wood we had prepared for the morning, and commenced heaping it, with feverish haste, on the nearly extinguished fire.

"What's the matter, Ernest? I say, have you the nightmare or are you crazy? It isn't time to build morning fire yet."

"I know dat," he replied, in his French-Canadian jargon, "same tam me hear wolf in de swamp; come up here pretty quick."

"Heard a wolf in the swamp?" I repeat incredulously. "Get out. I've been awake the whole evening and everything has been as still as death."

"Same tam Ah'll heard it wolf," he persisted, and in no way relaxed his efforts until the light wood was piled high and the under billets had burst into flame; then without losing a moment he sprang to the horses and began unfastening the halter straps, calling to me meanwhile to get "dem mule close up de fire." His earnestness had the effect on me he desired, and in a few moments we had the animals tethered to an overhanging limb between our fire and the wagon, which we had pulled just outside the road for the night.

"Naow, keep still, you hear yourself," Ernest said as he sat down and began pulling on his boots. "Dey come leetle more near next tam howl."

We waited in silence a few moments, when, sure enough, away in the swamp to the east came the long, low wail, rising and falling in cadence almost imperceptible to the ear, so faint, yet suggesting something so fierce and sinister that if once heard it can never be forgotten.

"Do you think they will be ugly?" I say to Ernest.

"No, teenk not. Bes' be ready; teenk only come look, dance leetle, make beeg howl, run off."

"Let 'em come then. You get the ax and stand where you can best guard the outside; mule and I will do the same for the outside horse."

"No. No need do that. Just keep still, not move where wolf come up, that best way."

"But what about the horses? Won't they try to break away?"

"No, you see they get near the fire, keep still too."

"Well, get the ax anyway; there they go."

Again, and this time we could hear the yip! yip! yip! which preceded the chorus sounding much nearer, and the horses and mules sure enough at the sound of it crowded nearer the fire, straining slightly at their fastenings, but making no violent demonstrations whatever.

I involuntarily reached for my Winchester and held it across my knees. Ernest hurriedly piled fresh wood high on the fire and with a final warning word to keep still sat like a statue. Again the yip, yip, yip and chorus and then continuous howling, increasing in volume as they drew nearer; then the concert opened in earnest, and in a few moments we were saluted from all sides. I gripped my gun tightly, but made no move. Billy, the outside horse, had backed up against a ground pine in his efforts to get near the fire, and now with pandemonium sounding on all sides stood without making a sound. I saw the little pine tremble like a leaf. Suddenly all was still. Down the road, after a moment of silence, there sounded a single howl, and with a yip, yip, the whole band seemed off in that direction.

The clouds which had caused such Egyptian darkness gradually rolled away. The stars became visible through the interlacing branches. The night wind seemed to slumber. The snapping fire intensified the stillness. The horses and mules sank one by one to repose. I looked across the again dying fire at Ernest. His rude pillow was again adjusted, the camp spread pulled up to his chin, and as I looked the silence was broken by a good old-fashioned snore. The grip on my gun relaxed. Almost unconsciously I straightened out on the blanket and pull part of it over me. Unconscious of danger, we sleep the sleep of the just.

The sun shines. The frost on the pine tops glistens as though they had been dusted over with diamonds. Billy whickers for his oats, as Ernest, after much stamping, gets his feet into his stiffened boots and starts for the wagon, saying, as he stops to pat the shaggy head, "He laugh and feel good because wolf no get him last night."

I went out in the road and saw plenty of wolf tracks. I paced from the fire to the tracks; it was fifteen paces.

Ashland, Wis. G. W. M.

Stole His Thunder.

In the Presidential campaign of 1876, Oliver P. Morton was making a tour of the West, and George Sheridan accompanied him to do the "funny business." Senator Morton would usually talk for an hour—a heavy discussion of the financial problem, followed by an attack upon the Democrats of the South for their inhuman treatment of the negro. By the time he had finished, the audience would be soaked with wise advice. Then George Sheridan would take the platform, and for an hour the audience would roar with laughter. One night Sheridan said: "Senator, I wish you would let

OVER ALL THE WORLD

NESTLE'S FOOD has been recognized for more than thirty years as possessing great value as a protection against CHOLERA INFANTUM, and all other forms of SUMMER COMPLAINT.



The last thing at Night, the first in the Morning.

Nestlé's Food

NESTLE'S FOOD gives healthy sleep, builds firm, strong flesh and bone, and is safe. NESTLE'S FOOD does not require the addition of cow's milk. Water only is needed in preparation for use. The danger of disease being conveyed through the medium of cow's milk should be thoughtfully considered, when choosing a food for your baby.

For Babies

Consult your doctor about Nestlé's Food, and send to us for a large sample can, and our book, "The Baby," both of which will be sent free on application.

LEEMING, MILES & CO., 53 St. Sulpice St., Montreal

me speak first to-night; I want to go out into the country with some friends."

"All right," replied Senator Morton cheerfully; "you arrange it with the chairman of the meeting."

But when Sheridan took the platform and began to deliver Morton's speech, word for word, as the latter had delivered it every night for a fortnight, the Senator became very uneasy. He gave all Morton's arguments; he recited all the statements concerning the outrages in the South; he repeated all of the personal reminiscences of his experiences as governor of Indiana during the war, until the Senator was almost paralyzed; and finally, when he reached a point in the discussion of the financial problem where Morton was accustomed to compare a Pompeian gold coin with a United States greenback, he turned to the astonished victim of this practical joke, and said in an undertone: "Let's have that coin." The Senator handed it over without a murmur, and when Sheridan had recited the eloquent peroration, Senator Morton could only acknowledge the corn, which he did handsomely, but Sheridan never spoke first again.

When Others Fail.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Health and Strength.

A Well Known Young Lady in Napanee Gives Her Experience—So Weak that She Could not go up Stairs Without Resting—Her Friends Thought She was in Consumption—Now the Picture of Health and Strength.

From the Beaver, Napanee, Ont.

Among the young ladies of Napanee there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Indeed her acquaintance and popularity covered a more extended field, as she is a traveling saleslady for the Robinson Corset Co., and has many customers on her route which extends from Oshawa to Ottawa. How this young lady happens to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she has recently undergone a most remarkable change through the use of those wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When the reporter of the Beaver called to make enquiry into her cure, he was met at the door by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a prolonged illness.



The reporter mentioned his mission and found Miss Byrnes quite willing to tell the particulars of what she termed "an escape from death." In reply to the query "what have Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills done for you?" she replied, "why, they have done wonders. I feel like a new woman now. For eight years I was weak and miserable, and at times I could not walk. I was greatly troubled with indigestion, and frequently could not keep anything on my stomach, not even a glass of milk. I had dizzy spells, severe headaches, and my complexion was of a yellowish hue. My kidneys also troubled me, and in fact I was all aches and pains. In going up a flight of stairs I had either to be assisted up, or would have to rest several times before I got to the top. At times my hands and feet would have no more warmth in them than lumps of ice. On one occasion while stopping at an hotel in Kingston, after waiting on a number of my customers, I fell down in a faint. The landlady found me in this condition and sent for a doctor, who after bringing me back to consciousness, gave me medicine to take. He told me that my system was so badly run down that it was imperative that I should have absolute rest. His medicine had no beneficial effect that I could see, and I tried a number of other doctors, with no better results. I became so low that I cared for neither work nor pleasure, and my friends thought I had gone into consumption. It was at this juncture that I determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and my appearance to-day will show you what a wonderful change they have wrought in me. I continued taking the Pink Pills for three months, and before discontinuing them every ache and pain had disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine, and I am eager to let the fact be known for the benefit of others sufferers."

Mrs. Byrnes was present during the interview and strongly endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she believed that they had saved her life.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

He Attended Him.

Harper's Weekly. Dr. Banks—And in spite of all rumors to the contrary, you are still prepared to contend that Binks died a natural death?

Dr. Shanks—I am; for during his last illness I attended him myself.

Beautiful Niagara.

The best view of the river, rapids and falls is gained by a trip over the Gorge route, the Niagara Falls and Lewiston Railroad, American line. This splendidly equipped electric trolley line traverses the entire length of the Niagara gorge, on the American shore, close to the water's edge, from the Falls to Lewiston, passing many caves, rapids, battle grounds and historic points. Fare, round trip, 50c. To see Niagara as it should be seen—cheaply, thoroughly and quickly—the tourist should ascend the observation tour and later take a trip over the most complete electric trolley route in the world.

Trains run every ten minutes. J. M. Brinker, President.

D. B. Worthington, Gen. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, North-west and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

"Come into the garden, Maud," but Maud was much too wise. Said she: "Oh, no; the corn has ears, and the potatoes eyes."—Indianapolis Journal.

NO. 18.

The Scale



is the fundamental part of a piano. No instrument can have the requisite artistic qualities if the scale is not perfect. In order to hide the defects of the scale, many piano makers prick the top of the hammers to soften them, thereby preventing a harsh stroke, which would bring out the unevenness of the tone. But after the piano has been played a while the hammers will harden and the defect will reappear.

Not so with the Pratte Pianos. Their scale is not only mathematically correct, but by an ingenious invention of Mr. Antonio Pratte, the tension of each string is measured, thus securing an equal division of tension. That is what makes the quality and volume of tone in the Pratte Pianos so even and steady.

To understand this thoroughly, you should come to our warehouses, where we can give you a better understanding of the true superiority of the Pratte Piano.

Pratte Pianos
MONTREAL.

1676 Notre Dame Street

SUMMER RESORTS.

BELVIDERE HOTEL

WELL NAMED "FINE VIEW."
Beautiful Parry Sound, Ont.

On an eminence of 150 feet above the Georgian Bay. No grander or more beautifully situated hotel in the world. Tourists from afar freely state that nothing, not even the St. Lawrence, can equal the grandeur of the scenery. The thirty thousand islands in their naked beauty are beyond description. Come with the crowds to Canada's unequalled.

W. J. BRADLEY, Mgr.

PIANOS

FOR SUMMER RESORTS

We have a choice renting stock, and parties desiring pianos for summer resorts anywhere in Canada should address

The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Ltd.
148 YONGE STREET.

DENTISTRY.

DR. JOHN F. ROSS, Dentist
Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Room 5, 2nd Floor
Over Canadian Bank of Commerce. Telephone 4464

DR. HAROLD CLARK Tel. 1940
DENTIST
45 King St. W. (Over Hooper's Drug Store), TORONTO

MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—Mr. & Mrs. Thos. J. R. Cook
Graduates of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
204 KING STREET WEST
References from leading physicians. Phone 1286.

MEDICAL.

DR. PALMER, Surgeon
Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose
40 COLLEGE STREET

G. P. SYLVESTER, M.D.
Successor to Dr. Atherton
Office and Residence, cor. Church and Leavelle Sts.
Office hours, 12 to 2, 6 to 8. Phone No. 4055.

DR. COOK, Throat and Lung Specialist.
Consumption, Bronchitis, and Catarrh by medical inhalations. Office hours 9 to 11 a.m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 8 p.m. Phone 3368. 50 College Street, Toronto.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., Homoeopathist
326-328 Jarvis Street
Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

INSURANCE.

FOUNDED A.D. 1710
The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World

SUN FIRE

INSURANCE OFFICE, OF LONDON, ENGLAND
Head Office, Canadian Branch - TORONTO
H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.
Surplus over capital and all other liabilities exceeds \$7,000,000
HIGHBOTHAM & LYON - Toronto Agents
15 Wellington Street East
Telephone 488

NAVIGATION.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE
Niagara Navigation Co.

4 TRIPS DAILY

(Except Sunday)

ON AND MONDAY, JUNE 8th
AFTER STEAMERS

"Chippewa" and "Chicora"

Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (East side) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central & Hudson River Railway, Niagara Falls & Lewiston Railway, Michigan Central Railway and Niagara Falls Park & River Railway.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

Niagara Falls Line

DOUBLE TRIPS
STEAMER EMPRESS

Daily, at 7.45 a.m. and 3.20 p.m., from Yonge Street Wharf (west side), for St. Catharines, all points on Welland Canal, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all principal agents, all G.T.R. offices and at head office on wharf. Family book tickets at low rates.

PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGY AND PALMISTRY—
PROF. O'BRIEN, the greatest Phrenologist of the day, patronized by the elite. Photos read.
219 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1641

ARCHITECTS.

BEAUMONT JARVIS
ARCHITECT
McKinnon Building TORONTO
Telephone 2774.

ARLINGTON HOTEL

TORONTO'S FAVORITE FAMILY HOTEL.
Steam heated. One hundred rooms.
W. G. HAVILL, Manager.
Cor. King and John Streets.

THE STRAND CAFE, 8 Adelaide Street
East. Nothing in stock for our friends and patrons but the choicest in liquors and cigars. Cozy smoking rooms and cafe. E. J. EVANS, Proprietor.

School Opening

No time of the year demands more careful consideration in the choice of footwear for the youngsters than the present. No store in town presents you with a greater choice of reliable Boots and Shoes at moderate prices than

H. & C. BLACHFORD'S
Great Family Footwear Emporium
83, 85, 87 and 89
King Street East



Wabash Railroad.

The superb and magnificent trains now on the Wabash are the admiration of travelers. They are richly, even luxuriously, furnished in the highest style of the car-builder's art. They consist of buffet, parlor, sleeping, cafe, library, dining and free reclining chair cars—running between Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville and Kansas City. For time-tables and tickets of this great railway, write or ask any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West
Toronto
Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONES—Editorial Rooms..... No. 582
Business Office..... No. 1709Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:
One Year..... \$3 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS

VOL. IX] TORONTO, AUG. 29, 1896. [No. 41

Saturday Night Out of Town.

Wherever you go for vacation you can have "Saturday Night" mailed to you. To any address in Canada or the United States, 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month. Ask your newsdealer or write to this office.

SPORTING COMMENT

SECRETARY JOHN E. HALL of the Canadian Cricket Association has presented me with a copy of the Constitution and By-laws of the Association, intimating at the same time that had the presentation occurred sooner my article of last week would never have been written. It seems that two years ago the constitution was changed so that any cricket club on payment of a certain fee and on conforming with the by-laws may join the Association and be entitled to one representative on its executive committee. It seems, therefore, that the meeting which selected the Canadian eleven was competent to act. Secretary K. H. Cameron of the Ontario Association also informs me that a meeting of his Association was held this spring. Apparently this leaves me without a leg to stand upon, but I am still able to urge that there can scarcely be advanced any reason why the Ontario Association should exist if the local clubs can join the Canadian Association. About eight or ten clubs constitute the O. C. A., and almost the very same clubs constitute the C. C. A.; and when the executive of either meets, those in attendance do not know which Association it is until they see whether Mr. Hall or Mr. Cameron reads the minutes of the last meeting. I realize the difficulties of keeping up these Associations, and freely admit that the men who keep them up are our best cricketers and men sincerely anxious to promote the best interests of the game, yet I think that men who show some capacity in other affairs might, if they tried, build up a much better organization and one that would claim the confidence of cricketers.

Of the team selected, Messrs. G. S. Lyon of Rosedale, M. A. Walker of London, and Messrs. Gillespie and Fritz Martin of Hamilton are unable to play. Mr. Gillespie is unable to play owing to the death of his uncle, but with regard to the others it may be presumed that nothing has occurred since the night of the meeting to affect them. Representatives of Rosedale, Hamilton and London were present. These representatives should surely have been prepared to say what members of their clubs, if any, were available for the team if chosen. Yet these delegates said nothing, or if they did, no attention was paid to them, and it was boastfully announced in the papers next day that the eleven was chosen unanimously and that a ballot was not required to select any one of them. This meant that the other players of the country were "not in it" at all compared with the eleven—that they were so admittedly second-class or second-choice men that their names did not need to be considered. The very next day Mr. Lyon of Rosedale announced that he could not go; a day or two later Mr. Walker of London also declined; then Mr. Fritz Martin of Hamilton also withdrew. The inability of these men to go to Philadelphia might have been ascertained on the night of meeting. It is decidedly unfair to the men who will finally go to Philadelphia to play in this match, that they should go after others have declined to play. I am told that Messrs. Acland and Henry of Ottawa, Mr. W. E. Dean of Parkdale, and Mr. E. G. Rykert of Toronto are the four men who will fill out the eleven. Messrs. Dean and Rykert are such thorough cricketers that I believe they will accept the soiled honor that is proffered them without making much protest, but I shall be surprised if the Ottawa men do not immediately refuse to play. If they are being invited and if they come to the rescue, cricketers should not forget the fact.

As we go to press I am informed that Mr. Lyon of Rosedale has agreed to play, and as he has this year the best all-round record in the country, cricketers will be glad that he is on the eleven.

Some weeks ago a correspondent wrote to enquire if ever in a first-class cricket match in England, and more especially in games between English and Australian eleven, there was any record of a side being retired for so small a score as the total of 18 made by the Australians against M.C.C. at Lord's. It was a hard question to answer, but I have happened upon the necessary information and will give it. It seems that in May, 1877, M.C.C. and Ground retired the Oxford eleven for a total of 12 runs, and this ranks as the smallest score ever made in a first-class match. The Australians may solace themselves with the recollection that on May 27, 1878, they retired M.C.C. and Ground for a total of 19 runs. In the recent game M.C.C. turned the tables for the disgrace

of '78. I have seen it stated that Notts and Leicestershire met in 1800 and the first innings resulted in totals of 16 and 15, the one run being in favor of Notts.

The Canadian team against the United States in Philadelphia, September 3 and 4, will be as follows:

W. A. Henry of Halifax (captain).
J. A. McIntosh of Halifax.
P. C. Goldingham of Toronto.
J. M. Laing of Toronto.
W. H. Cooper of Trinity.
George S. Lyon of Rosedale.
H. B. McGiverin of Hamilton.
J. Horstead of Chatham.
W. E. Dean of Parkdale.
E. G. Rykert of Toronto.

The eleventh place has been offered to an Ottawa player; in fact, we may set it down that the eleventh man will be that most obliging player, A. N. Other, who is always called upon in an emergency.

Mr. A. Brewer of the Toronto C. C. has organized a new cricket club, known as the Butterflies. The organizer did not intend that this should be the name of the club, but it was christened when he wasn't looking, and he decided to let it go at that. The club will have no grounds and there will be no membership fee, the members joining on invitation of the organizer. Games are to be played with all the leading clubs, the opening game being against Rosedale on Wednesday. Players from all the clubs are enrolled on the scroll of the new club. The Butterflies will flit from scene to scene and frolic in the glad sunshine. One gentleman has offered a box of cigars to the first Butterfly who makes a century, and the club appears to have a delightful future, unless the report be true that Mr. P. C. Goldingham is going to organize a Grasshopper Club in opposition. It looks as if the air would soon be full of wings and things.

Yesterday and to-day the Wanderers of Chicago are playing cricket against Toronto and Rosedale. The tourists played at Chatham on Tuesday and won by 149 to 132. The run-getters for Chatham were: Richards 32, Robertson 21, Nicholls 20, Horstead 18 and Kolfage 12. The Chicago eleven is a strong one, and good games should be played here. A Toronto, or perhaps an Ontario eleven, will visit Chicago about the middle of September it is expected.

The Toronto Cricketers gave Parkdale a severe beating on Saturday last, making 170 to 42. For the winners Rykert 41, Collins 36, Cooper 25, Loosmore 23, and Strathy 22 not out, were the scorers. Laing and Goldingham were dismissed for next to nothing, but they bowled splendidly, and the Parkdale men were retired in procession. The event of the past week was Mr. Lyon's score of 89 not out against Hamilton, with McGiverin, Fritz Martin and Fleet bowling. The man who can make such a score against Hamilton, and 121 against Toronto, is entitled to rank high as a batsman.

Bicycle riders greatly appreciate the improvement in the electric water-sprinkler used on the streets over which cars run. By a simple contrivance the water is thrown out in two sheets, leaving the devil-strip dry for wheel-men.

Mr. Jarvis, after going over and winning the yacht race at Toledo, should get a welcome home that he will not soon forget, especially as he was allowed to go almost alone to Toledo.

The match between the Tecumsehs and the Nationals was a brisk and lively game. The play was so good at times that one wondered why the visitors do not wheel in and beat the Montreals and the Shamrocks.

The Tecumsehs won at St. Catharines by 8 to 5, and to-day they play the Capitals at Ottawa. If the opening game between these clubs had been played at Ottawa I should have expected the Tecumsehs to win the return game at the Island, but, as it is, I fear on the larger Ottawa grounds the Capitals will outrun the Islanders and out-last them. When the Capitals come back again to the Island we may expect to have a look-in. THE UMPIRE.

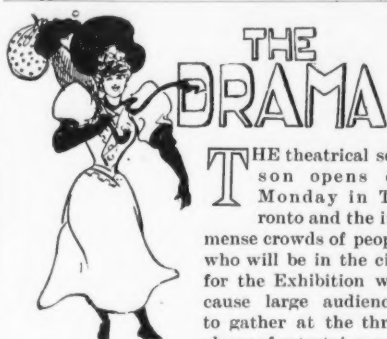


"A large theater party."



MR. J. R. STRATTON, M.P.P.

The probable successor of Hon. W. D. Balfour as Provincial Secretary.



THE theatrical season opens on Monday in Toronto and the immense crowds of people who will be in the city for the Exhibition will cause large audiences to gather at the three places of entertainment.

Decided improvements have been made during the summer in the Grand Opera House. A very discreet use of paint has resulted in a much brighter and warmer tone to the place, and two rows of the latest style of chairs have been run entirely around the parquette. The cloak-rooms and smoking-rooms added last year and the decorative work done in the halls and entrances this year, the arrangement that permits theater parties to alight from their carriages into shelter—these things put the Grand much in advance of what it was two years ago. The Old Homestead, the play that made Denman Thompson famous, will run at the Grand for the two weeks of the Fair. Denman Thompson, in writing The Old Homestead, aimed to construct a play that would please and amuse as large a class of theater-goers as possible. He builded more wisely than he knew, and when he produced The Old Homestead he gave to the theater-loving public a play that is destined to last as long as goodness of heart, true nobility and sterling manhood command respect and esteem. Those who know the play will eagerly seize the chance of seeing it again, and the people who will be in the city from the towns of Ontario are to be congratulated upon the chance they will enjoy of seeing this sterling comedy-drama.

The Princess Theater, as well as the Grand Opera House, will be controlled by Mr. Whitney and managed by Ald. O. B. Sheppard, who will, of course, also manage the Grand as he has so ably done for years. The pretty theater on King street will open on September 7, with Hanlon's Superba, which I consider one of the finest attractions for Fair week that could possibly have been booked.

The Toronto Opera House has put into fine

shape for the opening next Monday night, and Manager Small has secured two capital attractions for the two weeks of the Exhibition. Beginning Monday night and running during the first Fair week, with Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees, there will be presented A Happy Little Home, with George W. Monroe as the center of the home and the source of its happiness. This is a capital attraction with which to open the season. During the second week of the Fair, John W. Isham's Oriental America will be presented, and this attraction is spoken of everywhere as something unique.

Among the bookings for the Toronto Opera House season I find these companies: Ward & Vokes, the Wilbur Opera Company, A Night at the Circus, Willard Spenser's Little Tycoon, Ida Fuller's Vaudeville, Louis Robie's Bohemians headed by the Black Patti, John W. Isham's Octoroons, the spectacular pantomime Excelsior, The Three Guardsmen and Hopkins' Trans-Oceanics. I find that Manager Small has booked attractions clear through until the end of next April without a break, and he considers that this will prove the best season of entertainment that there has yet been at the Toronto Opera House.

George W. Monroe is pretty well known in Toronto and he expects to please his local friends with his work in A Happy Little Home. Mrs. Gayfeather is a theosophical lady, and her husband attends the vaudeville concerts given by a bicycle club to which ladies are not admitted unless as performers. This naturally disturbs the peace of the home and leads to the employment of private detectives and many mix-ups, until presently Mr. Monroe finds himself ensconced in skirts and officiating as Lulu, the new housekeeper. His well known playfulness in such a role enables him to create a deal of fun. Mr. Gayfeather thinks he is having a big lark in palming off a bogus housekeeper on his home, but in the end the tables are turned on him. After a hot summer the public will be ready to welcome the opening of the theaters Monday night and to heartily enjoy A Happy Little Home.

Roland Reed has a new comedy by George H. Broadhurst, entitled The Wrong Mr. Wright. It has already received its first presentation in Boston and is described as a winner.

Sol Smith Russell, another prime favorite in Toronto, has secured a new comedy called A Bachelor's Romance written by Martha Morton. Mr. Russell is so well pleased with the new piece that he has decided to shelve his old stand-bys, A Poor Relation, Peaceful Valley, Heir-at-Law, and An Everyday Man. Fred Berger is Mr. Russell's manager and he has secured a strong company and entirely new scenery and properties.

It may interest many of my readers to know something of the origin of Drury Lane Theater. In 1690 King Charles II. granted Thomas Killigrew, a groom of the chamber, leave to erect a new theater in Drury lane. Previous to 1690 all stage-playing in London and the provinces had been under the direction of an official known as the Master of the Revels, and this functionary made strenuous, but, of course, vain, efforts to prevent his occupation being taken out of his hands. Killigrew bought, or rather hired, a piece of land called Riding-yard, for which he paid £50 a year. The present theater stands on the same spot. The new theater cost £1,500, was opened first in 1693, and burned down in 1671. Under Killigrew the veterans of the buskin took service. Many of them had fought and bled for their Royal master during the civil war, and this fact, and their great popularity, were no doubt reasons why they were treated with special consideration by Charles II. They wore, we are told, a livery of scarlet and silver, and were styled "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber." Among those who first adorned the boards of the historic theater were Hart, a grand-nephew of Shakespeare, and Nell Gwynne. Hart's salary was never more than £3 a week till, as one of the shareholders, he received £1,000 a year. Nowadays, when the prima donna of the opera will not sing under £500 a night, and sometimes requires even more, the salaries of the early Drury lane actors seem very paltry. John Knight's highest salary was not more than £2 a night during the season, nor did Mrs. Siddons receive more than that sum even when she had been famous for years. For many years Kean received £3 8s. 8d. a night. Afterwards his salary was raised to £30, and finally to £40, for six acting days. The famous Mrs. Glover, head of the actresses at Drury lane between the years 1814-20, never earned more than £7 13s. 4d. weekly.

Waking Thoughts.

For Saturday Night.

Once more do I awake
To realize, to-morrow is to-day,
And to-day has passed to yesterday.
To-day, gone past for ever,
With all its disappointments, hopes and fears,
Its opportunities for good and ill,
All piled on top of other days,
Till the accumulation seems
To be beyond calm contemplation.
And so this to-day will soon be sped,
And again shall I lie down to sleep,
And sweet forgetfulness of all,
To wake and find the process
Once again repeated.
Once more find hopes unfulfilled
And purposes and resolutions failed.
And this is time!
My God, what is eternity?

ANON.

The Dream of a Drudge.

For Saturday Night.

One night I dream'd that life with me was o'er
And that the Judge of all I stood before.
Great things to honor Him I oft had plann'd,
But none had issued finished from my hand:
For trivial tasks had taken all the time
My soul in vain desired for works sublime;
And so, before His Glorious Presence there,
My trembling spirit stood, transfixed with fear.
With stammering lamentations then I prayed
Pardon and leniency for having laid
His gifts, my talents, unimproved away
To do life's menial drudgeries, day by day.
When lo! the Judge I feared caressed my soul
With one kind glance that all its sorrows stole:
And, bending o'er me, whispered, "Peace, my child,
The deed of deeds is duty!" Then He smiled.
ERNEST E. LEIGH.

The South-west Wind.

For Saturday Night.

[The south-west winds are blowing monotonously, day and night, over Texas.]

A spectre maid, that the harpies follow,
And weeping bear aloft her flowing train,
O'er the parched prairie and dusty wallow,
Comes singing delusive songs of rain.
But the rain, the glad rain, it cometh not,
And from off the Gulf the hot winds sigh,
And though days be torrid and nights be hot,
The rain-crow mocks from its live-oak bough.
Oh why, Mother Nature, mock our sorrow
With joyous songs of plenty, songs of rain?
Why bid us hope for a glad to-morrow [grain]
While you stay not the wind that blights our
HARRY A. BROWN.

Hargrove, Tex., August 17, 1896.

If I Should Die.

If I should die, how kind you all would grow,
In that strange hour I should not have one foe!
There are no words too beautiful to say
Of one who goes for evermore away
Across that ebbing tide which has no flow,
With what new lustre my good deeds would glow!
If faults were mine, no one would call them so,
Or speak of me in aught but praise that day,
If I should die.
Ah, friends! before my listening ear lies low,
While I can hear, and understand, bestow
That gentle treatment and fond love, I pray,
The lustre of whose late though radiant way,
Would gild my grave with mocking light, I know
If I should die.

Butterflies.

Ladies' Home Journal.
Out in the churchyard the grass grew deep,
Where the peaceful dead were lying;
Over their quiet and holy sleep
The butterflies white were flying.
And one little child was playing there
In the churchyard, sunny and still;
He'd wandered away, in his innocent play,
From the little white house on the hill.
"Butterflies, butterflies!" cried the child,
As he played on the grassy sod,
"You're the souls of the little dead children here
Fluttering up to God!"
Out in the churchyard a place new-made,
Waits for the innocent dead:
Still, for the dear little sleeper, there
Waited his quiet bed.
And a long farewell they say over him,
With kisses on lip and brow;
And, with flowers sweet at head and feet,
He goes from his mother now.
Butterflies flutter above her head,
As she kneels on the grassy sod,
And the little white soul of her precious one
Flutters away to God. AMELIA SANFORD.

Two Answers.

Munsey's.
"I love you sweet,"
I said to a child,
Whose curls in a mass of tangles wild
Fell over the shoulders, soft and fair,
Kissed by the sun and the summer air.
"I love you, sweet,"
And she turned and smiled,
The frank, fresh smile of a trusting child.
"I love you, too;
I love you best."
The lips of the little one confessed.
"I love you, sweet,"
I said to a maid,
And the dimples alternately went and stayed.
"I love you, sweet," and the laughing eyes,
Blue as the bluest summer skies,
Looked shyly up,
And as shyly down
Under the lashes of golden brown;
But I waited in vain for the words confessed—
"I love you, too;
I love you best."
MADEIRA GEALE.

An Open Confession.

Truth.
In my time I have written a lot of things
In a sort of a sing-song way,
To loosen the publisher's great purse strings,
That the grocer might get his pay.
I have sung of the clouds in the sunset sky,
Of the beauties of love and hope,
And often, to glean a check on the fly,
Of the marvels of someone's soap.
Though the critic may dinkle me with his dirk,
I will warble my lulling lay;
Yes, I'll go right on with my flendish work,
While the bank holds out to pay.
For though it be middling, or bad, or good,
While my Pegasus lives to trot,
I'll be simply jingle when understood,
And poetry grand when not.

"Julia, I never see you at funerals." "No; when I go I always cry harder than the widow, and that makes people think I was in love with the man."—Facts and Fancies.

Canoe Association Meet.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND, August 26.



THE Grindstone Island, famous in song and story as the place where the A. C. A. camp of '96 is pitched, is just half-way between Gananoque and Clayton, though a little to the east. It is large enough for a good-sized town, so we are content with one corner

of it, the north-east. "Headquarters," consisting of the tents of the commodore, secretary-treasurer and the regatta and camp-site committees, faces due east, and off here all the races take place. The general camp-fires are held here, and hither come all the fair damsels and sunburnt, bare-armed canoeists to read the bulletins and get their mail. On either side the swells of the camp are located, while around "Dead Man's Point" and along the northern shore are stretched the tents of the racing men and dead-game sports of the A.C.A. The Toronto Canoe Club in their tents are right at the Point, where their burgee flies with, of course, a Union Jack in close proximity.

There is a story about the T. C. C. which is too good to keep, though it is a little horrible. They arrived on Tuesday evening and next day built a dock for their fleet of canoes. Thursday morning two of them had been down to bathe and were up in the tent drying themselves and feeling quite refreshed, when a shout from the dock startled them. "We've got a stiff," shouted one of the boys, and sure enough there was "Old Man Johnston," who had been run down by a steam launch a few days before, bobbing up and down under the brand-new dock. Imagine the feelings of the two who had been swimming within touching distance of "it." "Dead Man's Point" is where the T.C.C. live now, and the camp has the idea that things are coming their way.

Squaw Point, where the ladies live, is away south, and a large number of charming dames and misses are there under canvas. My unfortunate bashfulness has kept me from going over yet, but I hope to be able to speak from knowledge next week. Among the Canadians at Squaw Point are: Miss Pauline Johnson, Miss M. Leinster of Brantford, Miss Helen Wadsworth and Miss Parmenter of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Britton of Gananoque, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Miss Scott of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. J. McKendrick, Miss Wilkinson of Galt, Miss Wilkinson of Goderich, Master Bruce and Miss Nora McKendrick of Galt, Miss M. Leinster, Miss F. K. Dodwell of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. Easton Burns of Kingston.

In the men's camp are: Messrs. D. H. McDougall, R. O. King, J. W. Sparrow, George Dill, George A. Howell, all of the Toronto Canoe Club, and Charles E. Archibald of the R.C.Y.C. of Toronto; C. Cartwright, J. McDowell Mowat, J. S. Skinner, A. B. Cunningham, H. T. Skinner, John McKay, Jr., of Kingston; D'Arcy Scott, D. L. Scott, A. H. O'Brien, J. C. Edwards, John R. Arnoldi, E. C. Arnoldi, James Lawson, George P. Spittal of Ottawa; W. English, E. B. Edwards of Peterboro; F. R. Gilbert of Brockville; Frank A. C. Bickerdike, R. Bickerdike of Montreal.

Camp-fires are an institution and occur nightly. We went to one last night, a "stag," given by the Shottemuc Club and had a jolly time. A roaring fire in the center, boys all around, beer passing quickly (too quickly sometimes, for you miss it if you are not quick), songs, speeches, banjo, guitar, rapidly succeeding each other; in fact, a roaring fire and a roaring good time. The feature of the evening was an address on Free Silver by Senator Winnie of Albany, ably replied to by a Western man who advocated Free Iron. His peroration, "The poor man, gentlemen, the poor man can gather old nails, broken horseshoes, the rails of the railway belonging to the soulless corporations, and bring them to me, gentlemen, and on my little anvil I put the Government imprint on it and want will disappear from the land," brought down the house, or rather all out doors. The songs were all good, though we missed Tim Toolan and Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer, as they are not in it over here and we had no singers. We broke up early and all went home sober, thanks to the beer being American.

A lot of races came off to-day and resulted in a number of "also starteds." In fact, the racers are now divided into four classes. Winners, Alsos, Hasbeens, and Neverwuzers, with the Also Starteds away in the lead. The T. C. C. played in rather hard luck, as of the three races they really wanted, only seconds came their way. Noack of Detroit won the trophy double blade, with King, T.C.C., second; Bickerdike of Lachine the single blade paddling, with King second; and Bickerdike and Scott, the single blade tandem, with King and McDougall, T.C.C., second, and three also. However, various other things came their way and they are feeling fairly good.

This is all attributed to what came ashore at Dead Man's Point, as the Montreals landed there as well as the stiff. We are going to Squaw Point to-night, and it goes without saying that we shall have a good time. BEN.

Affable Strangler—Kindly tell me what time the four o'clock train leaves. Ticket Agent—Well, of all the chump questions! Say, you'd better chase yourself away before the depot falls on you. Affable Strangler—Oh, never mind, if the question irritates you. I just wanted a little information. I'm the new superintendent of the road, you know.—Cleveland Post.

Lady Finchhealth (at hotel entrance)—No, I have no money to spare for you. I don't see why an able-bodied man like you should go around begging. Lazy Tramp—I s'pose, mum, it's for about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house.

London Ladies' Letter.

LONDON, August 12, 1896.

London just now is in every sense of the word a "City of Silence." The streets are almost deserted, and as for the parks, they lack the usual *mouvement of habitude*. Even the Royal Family are keeping themselves to themselves. The last echoes of the wedding of Princess Maud of Wales to her cousin, Prince Charles of Denmark, have completely died away, and were it not for Li Hung Chang's arrival in the metropolis, London would not a little recall the appearance of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Of course the great Mandarin is being extensively lionized, and for one very good reason, that there is nobody else to make a fuss about, Li's visit to the Houses of Parliament much delighted the old viceroy and his suite, and his trip to Osborne has been attended with as much good as that to the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield. The center of attraction for Londoners, however, is at Cowes, whither the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales and their only remaining unmarried daughter have repaired; they have been joined by Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the newly-married royal couple. Her Majesty continues to enjoy the best of health, and what is not less satisfactory, she never was so active nor in happier spirits. It may be concluded that "abdication" is the last thought to occupy her. But this is the "silly season," when the British fly canards as the Chinese do kites. Many schemes are being planned to celebrate next year with extraordinary éclat, officially as well as otherwise, the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign.

"It is never too late to do good." Therefore it will be gratifying to all English-speaking peoples to learn that though no bust of Sir Walter Scott exists in Westminster Abbey, it has now been resolved that Scott will henceforth have his memorial among the other celebrated "literary worthies" in the Poets' Corner. As in the case of the Volunteer memorials in Toronto, ladies have not been backward in hinting about the too long duration of the oversight, and thanks to the energy displayed by the fair sex, the omission may now be considered as rectified. Sir Walter is almost as much a favorite with Britishers as is Shakespeare. The coming memorial will be a reproduction of Chantrey's bust of Sir Walter at Abbotsford. It may not be generally known that when the sculptor originally executed that bust he represented Scott looking up, the natural attitude of poets. When Chantrey met Sir Walter in society he observed his attitude was that of looking down. On returning home he corrected his work accordingly. One remarkable event was then utilized. When Shakespeare's tomb had been opened, it was found that his skull and that of Scott's were identical in measurement. Another strange but happy coincidence: the room, the parlor of John Murray's house, wherein the meeting took place for erecting the memorial in Westminster Abbey, turned out to be the very same where Scott first met Lord Byron, and Sir Walter's own writing-desk was lying before the chairman, that good friend to Canada, the Marquis of Lorne.

The Canadian Artillery team which won the Queen's Prize at Shoeburyness has attracted a great deal of interest in this country, perhaps



Lieut.-Col. Cole, Commandant of the Canadian Artillery Team which won the Queen's Prize at Shoeburyness.

even more than the Canadian sharpshooters at Bisley, who won the Kolapore Cup. The officers of the Artillery team received every fitting social attention, and made themselves very popular on all sides. The accompanying portrait of Lieut.-Col. Cole appeared in the *St. James' Budget*, and interviews with him and other members of the team were given in some of the newspapers. Australia used to be all the talk in this country, but in the past three or four years Canada has become the colony most spoken of in the newspapers. Among the common people Australia is perhaps still oftenest mentioned.

All theater-goers, and none more so than the fair sex, were admirers of the late Sir Augustus Harris; hence, the interest taken about the future destiny of the deceased's places of amusement. Sir Augustus left all his property to his wife, with instructions to act for the best. Many of the late manager's souvenirs have been distributed among his intimate friends. All valuable gifts which Sir Augustus received during his life-time as marks of respect and esteem, became the property, as well as the household furniture, carriages and horses, of both Lady Harris and her only daughter, Miss Florence Nellie. At the time of his death there was a standing bank balance in favor of the late director of nearly £24,000. The management of Drury Lane, as well as of Covent Garden, and the Lyceum theaters, is in the hands of Sir Augustus's secretary, who will continue to follow the plans and spirit of management of the much regretted director.

The cycling mania increases rather than abates. The hours for society wheelers in the parks form a wonderful sight. Battersea is par-

excellence the park most resorted to by all classes; it truly forms a Rotten Row. It cuts out almost a Motherland-Colonial cricket club match; it eclipses the attractions of a tripos contest of sweet girl graduates at Oxford; unless Gilton and Newsham nymphs can top the list in bicycle gymkhana, their tripos results will not weigh for much. The ladies have cut the rational dress, and prefer the specially made skirt after their own experience of convenience. The plan admits of suiting the color of the toilette to the bike, because the latter now is of any color that the wheelwoman prefers. Yellow is a favorite color for bicycles just now. Accidents of course are unhappily frequent, where the rider is often more crushed than she crushes. One cannot have eyes in the back of the head, but the tiny upright mirror over the handle-bar allows all vehicles following behind to be seen in time. This is said to be an American invention. In the Rue d'Allemagne, in Paris, which leads to the cattle market, a bullock lately escaped and, maddened by the heat, rushed along the street, going right and left. A mirror-bicycle not only warned the rider in time, but enabled him to wheel along at lightning speed in advance and tell others to save themselves before it was too late.

A Story of Diamonds.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF DJALILE.

San Francisco Town Talk.

I WAS staying at a small fishing village in the north of France, where the scenery was beautiful and the fishing abundant enough to satisfy even as ardent a sportsman as myself. At the same inn stayed a priest, a man of magnificent physique. I met him on the beach each morning. As I started for my boat he went to the neighboring hamlet to say mass. At first he avoided me, but finally we became quite intimate, and I found him an intelligent man of the world, without any of the prejudices of his class. I felt sure that his life held a secret, and that some time he would tell me about it. It was near the end of my outing, when one day, graver than usual, he said: "My friend, I am not unmindful of the sympathy you have for me. Before we part I want you to know me entirely, and I will tell you of my life. Only promise that if ever you write the story of it you will not betray who or where I am."

I nodded affirmatively. "Well, know then that only since three years have I entered the priesthood. Long before that I loved—loved with all my soul and strength—a creature. I must be brief—the pain is still too great. I really thought myself stronger. Well, I married her. She had no dowry, and I worked like a slave to give her the luxuries she craved—diamonds especially. She loved them above all things. Those which through many nights of toil I had been able to buy her were very modest. One day, as with busy pen I was toiling for her, she entered my room, dazzling with two enormous solitaires in her ears.

"See what I have just bought!" she cried gleefully. "But my child," I remonstrated, "these stones are worth a fortune. We shall never be able to pay for them."

"Oh," she laughed, "do not be alarmed. They are paste, and so cheap. But what a splendid imitation! Wouldn't you almost swear that they are real?"

"All this was said in her sweet, caressing voice, with such apparent frankness that her gladness made me happy. I loved her so! She kissed me, and the kiss did not burn my lips. From this day on her jewel-case filled so rapidly that, in spite of my unbounded confidence in her, I could not rid myself of a vague alarm. Whenever I mentioned the subject of her imitation jewelry to her she would close my mouth with kisses, and I was silent. Six years ago she died, leaving me and her new-born babe. Her death almost drove me crazy. I could not gather my ideas long enough to write a line. My poverty became so extreme that the little one vainly cried for bread. Then only I bethought myself of the glittering trinkets. I took a handful of them to a jeweler's.



There has just been placed on the southern wall of St. James' church in this city by the officers of the 10th Royal Grenadiers a brass to the memory of their deceased comrade, Andrew Maxwell Irvine.

Of this memorial a cut is given herewith.

Of the man it commemorates we have already spoken in words of affection and regret. By journalists, as Maxwell Drew, by men of the Grenadiers as "our adjutant," by his family and friends as dear genial "Andy," he was alike beloved.

"Sir," said I, "here are some paste diamonds I would like to dispose of. Will you kindly tell me if they are worth anything?"

"The man examined them most carefully, testing them by a magnifying glass and touchstone. After a good half-hour he said curtly, with a look of suspicion:

"They are worth seventy thousand francs, sir. These stones are perfectly real and of the first water."

"For a moment I stood stunned. I felt as though molten lead had been poured into my brain."

"Wretched woman!" I cried, and escaped hurriedly, leaving the diamonds behind.

"I ran through the streets until I crossed a bridge. The thought of throwing myself into the Seine came to me, but I shrank from the many people who were gazing at me. I decided to buy a pistol. I had no money, and then I remembered the poor hungry child at home. I took him to the parents of his execrable mother. I sold my clothes, my books, the furniture, and I entered Saint-Sulpice. I received orders only two years ago, and now, lost in a country parish, I try to forget."

A Clever Lawyer.

Buffalo Courier.

A capital story is told of one of the oldest practitioners at the Erie county bar. He was arguing a motion at a neighboring county seat, and, as it sometimes happens, was depending more upon his own sound logic than upon authorities for success. At a critical juncture the judge interrupted the speaker with this enquiry: "Yes, I understand, but where are your authorities upon the subject?"

"If your Honor please," retorted our friend briskly, "I will explain the absence of authorities, with your permission, by telling a little story: A young man freshly admitted to practice had produced in court in support of a motion a wealth of authorities. After allowing the young man to read page upon page of dry decisions, the judge at length interrupted wearily, 'You are just beginning to practice,' said he; 'let me give some advice. It does very well to cite authorities once in a while, but you must always trust somewhat to the common sense of the Court.'"

It was a bold, almost audacious position to take, but it won our old friend his case.

George Had No Use For Sneak Thieves.

HIS CITY COUSIN.

A LITTLE room, part and parcel of a hotel, situate in a railway town not far from the hub of Ontario, and in it sat four or five kindred spirits. This room was not the jug-room, but, not inaptly, might be called the room of good fellowship, because in the intervals of conversation the expression "Here's to you," or "Here's looking at you," very largely entered the social functions. George was the bartender, and when the conversation switched on to sneak thieving a pained expression covered his face, and he expressed his views.

"I say, boys," said George, "I ain't got no use for fellows that would steal little trifling things, which, so far as their value is concerned, don't amount to much. When a friend sends a fellow a nice little cap, suitable for smoking in or bicycling in, and you see it on the head of a jay the very next day driving a milk wagon, it knocks me cold and my respect for human nature drops below the freezing point. I despise such cattle. If I'd been asked for the cap I'd have given it cheerfully."

"You know, Aleck," addressing a member of the company, "that fellow that was here last fall some time and tried to palm himself off as my cousin?"

"Yes, I remember," remarked Aleck, "it was about the end of October or the beginning of November. Yes, I recollect the party. It was about seven o'clock at night. He was slick and no mistake."

"Well," continued George, "this mug came to me two years before that time and said he was my cousin. I couldn't contradict him, because I didn't know whether he was or not, so I gave him two dollars and didn't ask him when he'd pay me back, as he looked as if he'd gone through a threshing-machine. Well, he went away and I didn't see him for two years after. Then he had a wad of bills and a good suit of clothes. Do you know, he didn't ask me if I wanted that two dollars back again, or ask me if I had a mouth on; so I treated him two or three times and gave him a room and told him to make the hotel his home as long as he stayed, because I wouldn't go back on my cousin, though I only had his word for it. Well, he didn't refuse anything. He acted as if he was born to own the earth. About ten o'clock the same night one of the girls came down and said there was somebody in my room. I told her it was all right, as I supposed my cousin took my room for his own, as they were both alike. But she acted as if there was a burglar in the house. So, to please her, I went up to my room and found my cousin there with a lighted lamp, and just putting my new silk tie on before the glass. He already had on my twenty-seven-dollar dress-suit, and under that he had another good suit of mine over his own; that made three suits he had on, and he had my best hat beside him. I was nearly paralyzed with surprise, and I had just enough speech left to say "Peel." He began to snivel and asked me not to hurt him. I didn't say anything but "Peel," and he peeled off my two suits, shoes, stockings, ties and hat. Then I just took him by the back of the neck into the stairway and let him have it wherever it happened to land. I told him if he ever showed his nose in these parts again there wouldn't be enough left of him to hold a post mortem over. You remember it, don't you, Aleck?"

"Yes," said Aleck; "it was in the early part of November or the last of October. It was the talk of the neighbors."

"What'll you have, gentlemen?"

Lawyers at Ottawa.

In the House of Commons, as a result of the Dominion elections, there are now 63 lawyers, 33 farmers, 26 merchants, 21 physicians, 19 gentlemen, 12 manufacturers, 10 journalists, 6 mill owners, 3 contractors, 3 real estate agents, 2 surveyors, 1 veterinary surgeon, 1 township clerk, 2 distillers, 1 financial agent, 1 insurance manager, 1 banker, 1 shipowner, 1 rancher, 1 oil refiner, 1 printer, and 1 civil engineer. It will be observed that the lawyers are still on top.

"Is your mamma in?" "What's your name?" "I'm Mr. Whitehead, the new minister." "Then I guess mamma's expectin' you—cause she said she'd bet a dollar you'd be sure to come on wash day!"—Cleveland Post.

The Proviso.



"Jones is full of fun—awfully dry fellow, don't you think?" "Yes, when there's any beer about!"

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

AMERICAN LINE
N. Ger. Lloyd
Ham-Am
Med Star
Netherlands
French
N. Ger. Lloyd
Ham-Am

LONDON CONTINENT MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE
Sole Agency Steamship Lines to all Seas
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
73 Yonge Street, Toronto

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. CO.
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.
Saale... Sept. 5 10 a.m. Spree... Sept. 19 10 a.m.
Havel... Sept. 8 10 a.m. Lahn... Sept. 22 10 a.m.
Trave... Sept. 15 10 a.m.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
K.W.M.H. Sept. 12 10 a.m. Fialda... Sept. 20 10 a.m.
Werra... Sept. 19 10 a.m. Ems... Oct. 3 10 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
73 Yonge Street, Toronto

International Navigation Co.'s Lines
AMERICAN LINE
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London—Paris)
St. Louis... Sept. 2 10 a.m. New York... Sept. 19 10 a.m.
St. Paul... Sept. 9 10 a.m. St. Louis... Sept. 26 10 a.m.
Paris... Sept. 16 10 a.m. St. Paul... Sept. 30 10 a.m.

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—ANTWERP
NOORDLAND... Wednesday, Sept. 2, noon
FRIESLAND... Wednesday, Sept. 9, noon
KENSINGTON... Wednesday, Sept. 16, noon

International Navigation Company
Pier 14, North River, Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
73 Yonge Street, Toronto

Anecdotal.

The recent scandal in Berlin recalls the story of Schweninger's appointment as body physician to Prince Bismarck. At their first interview the prince lost his temper and growled: "Don't ask so many questions;" to which Schweninger replied: "What you need is a horse doctor; he asks no questions." Whereupon Bismarck scowled, and presently tugged at the bell. The doctor was in doubt as to whether he was not to be shown out into the street. But the command was: "Fetch the doctor's things from the station."

A few days ago, says *Tit-Bits*, an annual cricket match was played between two grammar schools. A had been disposed of, and B wanted three runs to win. The last man was in, and the headmaster had carried his bat so far when, in endeavoring to secure a short run, the umpire, a boy of his own school, declared "Out!" "What!" shouted the master, "that out?" "Yes, sir, clean out, sir." For a moment the pedagogue was staggered at the youth's audacity; then pushing his bat up under his arm he started for the pavilion, stopping, however, opposite the umpire to exclaim, in a voice of mingled indignation and contempt: "Gibbs, write me out three hundred lines!"

An amusing incident occurred in a performance of *The Telephone Girl* at Birmingham. In the play, Prince Imatoff invites Lottie and the other telephone girls to supper, and sends the message through the telephone, adding the fact that he is a real, live prince. The reply came back, "Rats!" The Prince, in astonishment, turns to Lottie for an explanation, and asks, "What is 'Rats'?" Just at this point in the performance at Birmingham, a huge rat dashed across the boards, took temporary refuge under a sofa, and, scuttling back again, dived under the edge of a private box and disappeared. No further explanation of "rats" was necessary. The audience shrieked with laughter, in which the actors joined.

Mr. Conan Doyle is a remarkably quick worker. Most of his time really seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket in the early afternoon, and the cricket may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk, Mr. Doyle will say to the friend, "We dine at eight o'clock. Perhaps you would like to take a stroll around the garden before dressing, while I go upstairs." And he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some such quiet remark as this to his friend, "By the way, a rather happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very fine plot. "What a capital idea for a short story!" exclaims the friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, will you do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes Mr. Doyle's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

Sir Frank Lockwood, who accompanies Lord Chief Justice Russell on his tour and who will be with him in Toronto at the Industrial Fair, is considered the humorist of the British Bar. He is one of the most amusing after-dinner speakers in London. But on one occasion he got the worst of it in a very unexpected place, and we retell the story because it has a timely bearing. Mr. Waddy, Q. C., is a popular Methodist preacher as well as a prosperous advocate, and once on entering the pulpit in a circuit town he was staggered to see sitting on a front seat no less a person than the facetious Lockwood. His first impulse was to escape from a rear door, but instead he gave out a hymn and then added that he was pleased to see with them that morning his friend and professional brother, Mr. Lockwood (he had not then a handle to his name), on whom, after the singing of the hymn, he would call to lead the meeting in prayer. Lockwood was pan-stricken and as soon as the singing began he seized his hat and fled. On one occasion Sir Frank was defending a man who was accused of stealing cattle; "beasts" they call them. "Now, my man," said Lockwood, "you say that you saw this, and so; how far can you see a beast to know it?" "Just as far off as I am from you," promptly returned the witness. These stories are rather against Sir Frank, but the stories in which his wit excelled are so numerous that these form a pleasant variety.

Learning to Play Golf.

First Young Lady (learning golf)—Dear me, what shall I do now? This ball is in a hole.

Second Young Lady (looking over a book of instructions)—Let-me-see. I presume you will have to take a stick of the right shape to get it out.

First Young Lady—Oh, yes, of course. See if you can find one like a dustpan and brush.

Between You and Me.

THE fool hath said in his heart, "I will ride a bicycle!" There have been timorous, uncertain, profane and misguided men and women who have said the same, but the fools are only becoming conspicuous since the bicycle liveries have hung out their little signs. Previous to the hanging there may have been here and there a funny man, or a half-baked man, or a reckless man who risked a hundred or more dollars on a show-off, but for one of such people one saw last year there are a score this year. The greatest fool I have met is the serpentine fool, he who suddenly is seized with a whim to make braiding patterns in the dust and swooping curves and turns unexpected by the added rider who tries to pass him but dares not for fear of a spill. Such an one was showing how little sense a man can do with, yesterday, when I wanted to get home in a hurry. He didn't mean to annoy, but I had a great and sudden impulse to breathe a prayer to St. Gertrude and steer straight into him, and some day I shall! There is an angle at which I can upset him and remain upright, and nothing but a fall of a hard nature will do him good.

The other day a new-comer in Toronto was entertaining me with some of her experiences. People had been taking an interest in her and giving her hints as to whom she should know. She spoke of it plaintively. "First, Mrs. A. warned me not to be very friendly with Mrs. B., then I got a suggestion from Mrs. B. that it wouldn't be wise to trust Mrs. A., and while I was studying over these pointers I found that Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. were very dear friends. Wasn't it queer?" I agreed that queer was the word, but advised her in turn to judge for herself, and make a friend of Mrs. A. and love Mrs. B., and never listen to a word either of them said about anybody. For the whole thing is paltry beyond description, and the woman who presumes to warn another, unless for some notorious cause, is most paltry of all.

I hate to hear people proclaim their love for sincerity. It's about as sensible as proclaiming one's need of fresh air, or a bath, or anything one is desirous of naturally. We all prefer sincerity, if we aren't Irish; of course Irish people adore a bit of humbug and enjoy him possible compliments, but the balance of the world rather likes one to mean what one protests. That's what makes the rest of the world less charming. For my part, I find no man or woman so insufferable as the one who, questioning "But is she sincere?" throws an atmosphere of doubt and discomfort about one. Does our life depend upon just how real are the love and interest of our neighbors in us? I hope not. There are things, the sincerity of which one questions not; the good-will of God, the love of one's mother, these two at all events, and with these two assured I can stand lots of pretty humbug from all creation.

When one doesn't live in large premises and rejoice in an acre of lawn, one misses lots of quiet and also lots of fun. I am sometimes naughty enough to enjoy my neighbors' scraps over the misdoings of their several olive branches. Some of them have a quiverful of stirring little mortals; some have one, two or three, and the mother's fussiness, strange to say, decreases as her responsibilities increase. I am always sorry for one child alone in a family. What heaps of fun it misses! What plottings, and quarrellings, and make-believes, and mischief! One child can't get properly into scrapes, and old grown-up people are so condescending and clumsy and stupid, it's no fun to play with them. Did you ever pretend your auntie or your grown-up sister was your little girl? Wasn't she a silly at it? Never pouted, nor hunched her shoulders, nor put out her tongue once, as all well posted bad little girls do—and there was so much of her to whip! My! A day's work. There is no emotion in your life to-day so hearty as your old-time contempt for that silly creature.

It must be difficult for mothers whose children quarrel to remain amiable toward each other. Sometimes I am quite glad that Providence, having denied me acres, denied me also any little girls. Perhaps I should be at this present moment hanging over some neighbor's gate and exchanging abuses of some third person's infants who pulled my Janie's curls or taught her Johnnie to break some of the Commandments. That is the funny part of it; it's always the other woman's children who do the teaching, though the other woman is ready to make affidavit that her Tommy learned rude action and profane speech from Past Master Johnnie, and that the hair-pulling was inaugurated by Janie herself!

An interesting season is upon us. People are coming home from their summer retreats and one hears all sorts of things! Flirtations between the young gentlemen of the elite and some unknown but bewitching young woman, and, "if his mother knew, what would she say!" Wild tales of midnight orgies of harum-scarum students, which lose nothing in the telling, only receiving their refutation in the ruddy faces and unburned arms and clear eyes of the boys; whispered hints anent the giddy young matron who lingered late in shady corners of the veranda with old So-and-so, or accepted a cigarette for young Thing-a-bob, and, cruellest of all, sly remarks about the merry holiday girls who forgot Grundy in the arms of Dame Nature. The post-vacation gossip is always on these lines, varied by more spicy happenings, but it soon loses its force when the whirl of the city life presents newer interests.

LADY GAY.

Pip—A lawyer's highest aim should be to keep his clients out of law. Flip—True; but the trouble is so many of them are content to take a humbler view of the matter. *Truth.*

"What are your politics, my man?" asked the portly visitor of the prisoner behind the bars at the penitentiary. "Well," replied the latter hesitatingly, "I haven't come out for anybody yet."—*Buffalo Times.*

"Don't you get awfully tired doing nothing all the time?" asked the young man who thought himself interested in sociology. "Mister," answered Perry Patette, "I got so tired doin' nothin' dat I can't do nothin' else."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Great Man.



Butler (examining silver spoons)—This man 'Sterling' do make an awful soight av silverware.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MAMIE.—I am acted innocently, but in such an unconventional manner that I am not surprised the lady snubbed you.

S. W. F.—I am sorry for the Banner. Your writing is simply awful, and your poetry is—well, never mind. I really can't read your study.

ROBERT BURNS.—I do not think you can obtain the article in Toronto. Ask the president of the Caledonian Society or Mr. Cringan, the conductor of the Caledonian choir.

C. E.—The Saxon type is blonde, fair hair and blue eyes, with fine pink complexion. They were so striking in this respect that an ancient foreigner on seeing some Saxon slaves exposed for sale, and being told they were "Angles" (Anglo-Saxons) said, "Not Angles, but angels." Did you not learn that in your Child's History of England? Most of us did.

MAC.—I. You can procure modeling clay from Harris, 4 King street east, for five cents a pound. 2. Your writing is slightly artificial, showing some striving after effect. You are cautious, clever, and have good imagination, but are no logician; temper is good, and ambition very observable; adaptability, enterprise and sense of beauty are all strong. A very lively study.

QUEBEC.—I. I am glad you agreed with my reading of your friend's character. 2. Your writing shows some concentration, tenacious opinions, a hopeful disposition, strong nervous power, light will, excellent decision and discretion. You are not easily influenced by the opposite sex. Your logical power is fair, but not equal to much strain. Your sense of honor is fine and your temper a little variable.

LEATHEBDALE.—You are deliberate, methodical, neat and probably an excellent and reliable person, appreciative of beauty, a pronounced idealist, and not by any means a powerful reasoner. You are somewhat imaginative, fond of study and conversation, and slightly speculative in thought. Should be sweet-tempered, but are not magnetic nor markedly forceful. The defects may be those of youth; I am not sure of it. Truth, sense of honor and generosity are also evident.

CETIL.—I. I think you are rather unreasonable to say you know your character is not formed, and then ask me to tell you what it is like. 2. Your lines show ambition to rise, hope and gentleness of disposition. You are rather reliable in judgment, discreet and cautious in speech and action, fond of refined surroundings and alive to all such influences. The study lacks force and decision; is also rather lacking in concentration and snap. 3. The words, a *teocara*, are Italian, and mean, To thee, my darling. Fra Diavolo is Brother Diavolo, and I presume you know the story of the opera.

JEANIE.—I. What a little humbug! Lady Gay says so, anyway, for how could anyone read her little screeds week after week for "a long time," as you say you've done, and then want to know if she

rode a bicycle? She certainly does, and quite coincides in your views thereupon. So you are coming to live in Toronto this fall. Well, you will probably like it, even if you are from Hamilton. 2. Your writing shows much energy, impulse and imagination, adaptability, frankness and vitality; you think a lot of yourself, are independent, chatty, a little careless, and what I think a very attractive young lady.

KITTEN.—How do you know the view from your windows cannot be surpassed, dear little feline! I agree with you that you have a lovely outlook. I enjoyed it from those very windows last month; but you have not perhaps seen all the European beauties. All the same, you have a charming home, and no one admires it more than I do. 2. Your writing shows a character not moulded to its concrete form, a trifle weak in aim, honest and direct in method, somewhat susceptible, tenacious of opinions, fond of social intercourse, not remarkably taciturn, with good sequence of ideas, perseverance and an unselfish nature. I fancy you will turn out a fine character if you take the trouble to discipline yourself, to think and study.

C.M.—This writing shows original, impatient and forcible lines. The writer is somewhat ambitious, quick in perception, and rather erratic in impulse; the temperament anything but placid, and the mind untrained to steady reasoning. Writer is not sentimental nor apt to be easily led; the purpose is not steady nor decision firm. The marks of indecision are natural in such a high-strung nature, and will probably disappear in time. I have studied this post against rules, as the rubbing of transmission destroys some of the character of the lines. With a proper study I could understand them better. Writer has no mean traits, is generous, companionable and frank. I fancy he would have times of dependency, but this again is often noticeable in undisciplined writing.

LODIE DOTTE.—I. That's as near as I can venture to your signature. 2. It never struck me that Millie's life contained any strong argument for immortality. His work quite fails to appeal to my soul, though it pleases my senses. How much have you studied his life and work? His personality was decidedly mundane, and I was quite surprised at the impression you confessed to. However, *chacun a son gout*. 3. Your writing shows a very animated and forceful nature, prone to erratic impulses, rather refined and full of ambition to rise above the dead level. You are self-reliant, emphatic, somewhat proud and assertive, but show much character and make a very interesting study. Your purpose is firm and constant, but your judgment not very sound. It is evidently an uncommon character.

Mourning Wear for Gentlemen.

Ladies' Home Journal.
Someone has asked about mourning wear for a gentleman. This is seldom assumed except for a wife or a mother, and then it is worn for one year. During the year the business suit is of rough black cloth, and the frock coat, assumed for afternoon, is of the same material. The latter puts a black band, which is of fine cloth and not erape, on the hat. The gloves are of black glace kid, and the handkerchief is all white. The scarf should be of dead black silk and no pin should be worn. The cuff-links are of white enamel or black onyx. The watch-chain is a black silk guard.



There's is a lot of satisfaction in using a reliable interlining like **Fibre Chamois**. It never disappoints your highest expectations, always giving a lasting, stylish stiffness to gowns or wraps. And now there will be still further satisfaction in using it, for it has become possible to reduce the price because of the enlarged and improved methods of manufacture, and the enormous demand. So in future you can buy the **Fibre Chamois**, with the Red Star Label for **25 cts. per yard** and those who are wise always look for the label to be sure of avoiding all disappointing and worthless imitations.



Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the letter bore which carried the story far and wide. Of certain cure for the loathsome sore that bubbled up from the tainted tide of the blood below, and 'twas Ayer's name. And his sarsaparilla, that all now know, That was just beginning its fight of fame With its cures of 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record.

50 Years of Cures.

"SANITAS"
NATURE'S
GREAT DISINFECTANT.
Non-Poisonous.
Does not Stain Linen.
FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

HOW TO DISINFECT
HOW TO DISINFECT
HOW TO DISINFECT
HOW TO DISINFECT
HOW TO DISINFECT
HOW TO DISINFECT

A valuable Copy, right book giving simple directions "How to Disinfect" in cases of the various infectious diseases, also in every-day life, will be sent free on application. THE SANITAS CO., LIMITED, RETFORD, ENGLAND.

A pushing Agent wanted in each Canadian City.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE				MONTREAL			
LIFE RATES PER \$1000 WITH PROFITS							
Age	Yearly	Age	Yearly	Age	Yearly	Age	Yearly
20	\$13.75	30	\$16.95	40	\$27.55	50	\$42.55
21	13.80	31	17.45	41	28.55	51	43.55
22	13.90	32	18.00	42	29.60	52	44.60
23	14.05	33	18.60	43	30.75	53	45.75
24	14.15	34	19.30	44	32.10	54	46.90
25	14.30	35	20.00	45	33.70	55	48.10
26	14.50	36	20.75	46	35.50	56	49.30
27	14.70	37	21.50	47	37.50	57	50.50
28	14.95	38	22.30	48	39.20	58	51.70
29	15.20	39	23.10	49	41.00	59	52.90
30	15.50	40	24.00	50	42.80	60	54.10
31	15.80	41	24.90	51	44.65		
32	16.15	42	25.70	52	46.55		
33	16.55	43	26.60				

Policy has surrender value after three years. Free as to residence, travel and occupation. Grace allowed on all payments. Losses paid promptly. Nothing better can be offered.

AGENTS WANTED
M. B. AYLSWORTH
26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

FIELD & FLOWERS
The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$2.00. It is a book of book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.
Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund
280 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste
Room 28, Oddfellows' Hall Building
2 College Street
Ladies' own materials made up. Terms moderate.

MRS. J. PHILP
Ladies' and Children's Outfitter
Infants' outfits, from \$10.00
Infants' Short Dresses, from \$5.00
Children's Dresses, all ages, to order.
Ladies' and Children's Fine Underwear a specialty.
Entrance 4 and 6 College Street

MISS ARMSTRONG
41 King Street West
During alterations will sell the balance of

Summer Stock at Reduced Prices

California Tokay.
California Tokay, a delicious pure sweet red wine. Do not confuse this with so-called tokay unfettered temperance beverages now being offered on the market. Our price is \$2.50 per gallon, or 50 cents per bottle. Mara's, 79 and 81 Yonge street. Phone 1708.

Wickwire—I see that another policeman has been suspended for sleeping on his watch. Mudge—I have been eating and drinking on mine for a week.—*Indianapolis Journal.*



Of Canadian collections of pictures, that of Mr. R. B. Angus of Montreal ranks among the first, both as to its size and the rare quality of the pictures; its owner is also known as a most generous patron of Canadian art. Of these pictures, a group of early English artists, now so much in favor among discreet buyers, and a few of the Dutch artists have a room to themselves. Here are Romney's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Wright, full of quiet dignity, the flesh seeming to have lost little in freshness of color; Sir Joshua Reynolds' of Lady Spencer, the figure of a young girl in profile, seated, with head resting on hand; Gainsborough's Mrs. Stroppe Egerton; Rembrandt's portrait of his first wife; a family group by Franz Hals of father, mother and two little girls, quaint and demure in dress and attitude; a cavalier's head by Cox and a small portrait by Gerard Dow; a landscape by Wilson and a view of Salisbury cathedral by Gainsborough.

Benjamin Constant's magnificently painted girl with the red-gold hair sits facing you, a hand each side resting on the seat, the pink skirt and green girdle making a harmony with the surrounding browns. It is a picture, perhaps, in which the artist would see most to enjoy. Daumier's Spectacle Gratis is an interrogation point; a crowd of eager faces, in full view, bend over a balcony, strained, eager, interested, splendidly painted and skilfully grouped, looking at—what? The only example of George Watts we know of in Canada (for the artist does not part readily with his work, is not in the least eager to sell) is here. Love's Whisper is the title—a shepherd's head; the expression of the face, one of intent listening to the little figure whispering in his ear; there is no exhibition of technique, but a most successful attempt to express an idea. It has been said that to really know Montecelli one must visit Montreal, and this can readily be understood after seeing the number of his pictures owned there. Of these, two very fine examples are in this collection. Fête Champêtre is in his most glowing manner. Dagnan-Bouveret's Pardon we became familiar with in Toronto, as also with two small canvases by Diaz. We can but mention a fine Corot; Centaurs by Fromentin; a head by Heuer of the type he so much admired—red hair and creamy flesh against a greenish-blue background; a group of cattle by Jules Dupré; several by both Bonvin and Decamps; Ophelia by Delacroix; a group of three cows by Van Marcke, which it is interesting to compare with a yoke of oxen and cart by Troyon that hangs near; a hillside with sheep and shepherd by Charles Jacques; Jeanie Deans and the Laird by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.; a stormy sea and sea by Eugene Isabe, abounding in life and motion, and one of Baron von Leys' faithfully painted but uninteresting scenes of a castle with figures in the foreground. We firmly withstand the temptation to dilate on the beauties of some of these, and close with mention of one or two that could scarcely be omitted. A large canvas by Daubigny shows intense sunshine and greens with trees in bloom strongly handled; near by hangs the idealized view of sunset by George Innes, and not far off a nocturnal effect by Cazin of a receding white road bordered on one side by trees, with delicate gradations of color and fine effect of atmosphere, a delightful picture. Harpignies has chosen somewhat the same hour in a view at

MR. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.

... PORTRAIT PAINTER
Appointments to visit studio and business arrangements concerning portraiture may be made through the agency of James Bain & Son, 53 King Street East.

J. W. L. FORSTER

Has removed his studio to
24 King Street West, Manning Arcade

F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES

Pupil of Hubert Herkomer, R.A., and Benjamin Constant, Paris. Portraiture. Studio, 141 Yonge St. Students' painting class commences Sept. 15.

MISS EDITH HEMMING ... Artist

Portraits and Miniatures
Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 3746

AUTUMN ART CLASSES

Are now being formed. Do not forget that The Art Metropole was opened for the express purpose of supplying Artists and Students with the best materials at the lowest prices, and that every requisite article is kept constantly in stock.

THE ART METROPOLE

The Only Complete Art Store, 131 Yonge St., Toronto

ROBERTS' ART GALLERIES

79 King Street West
ARTISTIC PICTURE FRAMING
A SPECIALTY

"Charge of the Light Brigade"

A Beautifully Colored Engraving
OF
CATON WOODVILLE'S
celebrated picture of this subject, now on view and for sale at
MATTHEW'S 95 Yonge St.

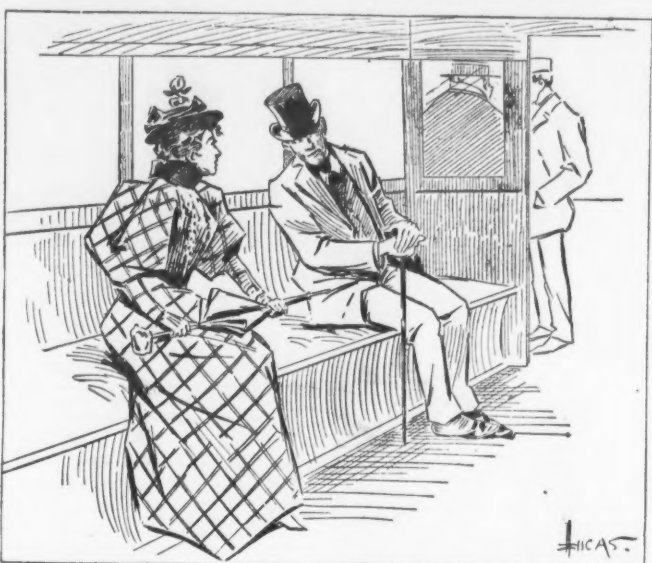
PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY
A. H. HOWARD
53-KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

E. HARRIS & CO.

44-KING ST. EAST TORONTO.
ARTISTS' COLORMEN.
EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE
PROFESSIONAL & AMATEUR ARTIST

And Yet We Blame the Cooks.



Mr. Simple—Will Estella do her own cooking, now that she has graduated from cooking school?
Mrs. Dimple—Oh, my no! She intends to write a cook book.

St. Privo, but his methods are very different; the effect of the glare on the water of a narrow stream is given in broad masses of almost pure white which one cannot forget as *prima* until the proper distance is reached and the correct attitude of mind attained. R. L. Newman, Etty, Ranger, Pelouse, Swan, and others are also well represented. Just a word about a water-color by Arthur Melville, one of the foremost men of the Glasgow school. Awaiting an Audience with the Pasha it is called, and it is probably a result of the artist's three years' travel through Africa and Asia, the knowledge is so evidently first-hand. The striking arrangement of the wide pillared court, and the figures grouped in the dusky distance, the glow of color in the rug and Oriental costumes, show the artist's mastery over light and color.

A statue of the Queen by Mr. W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., has recently been placed in the center of the paved court of the Royal Exchange, London. It is of Carrara marble, and the height of the figure itself is 8 feet, the pedestal being about the same. Her Majesty is represented as she was at the opening of the Exchange in 1846, wearing the crown and parliamentary robe. In the right hand she holds a sceptre and in her left an orb on which is a small statuette of Victory in silvered bronze.

Like many other distinguished wielders of the brush, M. Gérôme has turned his attention more or less to sculpture, for which, indeed, the anatomical studies requisite for success in figure painting easily prepare the way. Recently M. Gérôme has executed a group representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem on "Palm Sunday," riding upon an ass's colt, and bearing a palm branch in one hand, while the other is raised in benediction. Another piece of sculpture is a life-size representation of the heads of Mary and the Child, while a third is a figure of Mary fleeing into Egypt with the infant Jesus on her arm.

The Ontario Government has recently purchased Mr. Carl Ahrens' Ripe Corn Time to hang in the Parliament Buildings. That artist and his family are still camping at Southampton and do not expect to return to Toronto before October; they are enjoying their free life there immensely. Mr. Ahrens and Miss Eleanor Douglas, along with Mrs. Cox of Cobourg, have been hard at work sketching, so we shall expect no end of good things in the future. One of them writes, "Morning, afternoon and sunset find us plodding away, and through all the heat we have lost no time; the subject matter here is very much better than in any place we have ever been." They seem to be on the friendliest terms with the Chief there, have all received Indian names, and are learning all sorts of Indian industries from their friendly neighbors.

In connection with one of the earliest exhibits of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who has just been appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, there is a curious and romantic history. The picture was a portrait of a Miss Virginia Pattle, the lovely daughter of one of the directors of the old East India Company, and it attracted great attention at Burlington House. Among those who were struck with its beauty was Earl Somers, at that time Viscount Eastnor. He is reported to have exclaimed aloud in the gallery: "I must know that woman!" By the merest accident the two met on the following day, and a few months later were married. One of their three daughters is Lady Henry Somerset.

Mr. Ernest Crofts, the new R.A., is fortunate to have gained access to the sanctity of his new condition at what is practically the first time of asking. He had never been in the running for such a dignity before. The new R.A. has had a long probationary spell as an Academician. He was elected to the minor state eighteen years ago, and has since then mainly confined himself to historical work. He is great in the Cromwell era, having a knowledge of the arms and customs of the Ironsides such as can only have been gained by deep and conscientious study. He also knows all that an artist can know about Napoleon and Wellington and the wars with France. Mr. Crofts is a native of Leeds, and comes of a substantial family. He is forty-nine years of age, and is in the full vigor of his powers and enthusiasm for his work.

Customer—I would like to have a nice gown to wear around the house. Salesman—Size of the house, please?—Philadelphia Record.

"The butcher offered me his hand this morning," said the hired girl. "Indeed?" "Yes, he tried to sell it to me with the steak, but I made him take it off the scales."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The American people have often been accused of worshipping the Golden Calf. Can it be, however, that the majority of them are now in danger of falling down in adoration before the Silver Ass?—Philadelphia Record.

Brick and Marble.

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it built of marble," said Augustus Caesar. Which is something to boast of. Whosoever turns a sheep pasture into a cornfield, or makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is so far a benefactor to his race. And whosoever finds the world cursed by pain and disease, and leaves behind him the knowledge how to overcome it—at least in part—is worthy even of a better godhead. This a few have done, and their crowns of blessing will remain bright ages after the Roman emperors have been utterly forgotten.

Here is a short story in that line. Mrs. Monica Barrett worked in a mill, and does yet. She belongs to the great multitude in England who depend on their labor for a living. The question with her is, What can my two hands do? not, How shall I spend my income? Her husband (who will pardon us for mentioning it) is a shoemaker, and a good one. He hammers away at his bench, and his wife toils at the mill—as we said. It takes both to keep the pot boiling, and to find meat to put in that same pot. Early hours and late, no matter how backs may ache and eyelids grow heavy with sleep; that's the way it goes.

Well, some time in 1885, this woman began to lose her power to work. You who (like the writer of these lines) must work, or have no money for the butcher, the baker, or the landlord, understand what it means to have to knock off work. Yet we stick as long as we can. To be sure. Who consents to drown so long as there is a straw to clutch at? She held on when she ought to have been in bed at home.

"I could hardly stand at the loom," she says, "I was so weak. I had been ill ever since the spring. It was then I first felt languid, tired and weary. Everything was a trouble to me, I was so discouraged and depressed. I couldn't eat; my appetite was almost gone. And when I did eat a little of something, it hurt me at the chest and in the pit of the stomach. There was a bitter, sourish taste in my mouth, and a sickening wind or gas came up. My strength gave out more and more, and one cannot work when the body trembles with weakness. What ailed me I couldn't tell."

"From time to time I was obliged to leave my work at the mill, and stay at home. Occasionally I would be laid up two or three weeks in this way. I was anxious to get well; I would not be! I consulted two doctors, one after the other, in hopes they could help me. They gave me medicines, but I was none the better. One of the doctors said my complaint was constitutional weakness. Besides the doctors' medicines I took others, but they didn't reach my trouble. Year after year I suffered thus, sometimes feeling a bit better, and then worse again. It was a sad and miserable time, and so long—from the spring of 1885 to the spring of this year, 1893."

"Last March I read in a little book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and get a bottle of it. Mr. Watkins, chemist, Ryde Road. After I had taken it for fourteen days I felt wonderfully relieved; my food agreed with me; I relished it and gained strength. Cheered up by this I kept on taking it, and it wasn't long before all the pain and distress were gone like a bad dream, and I was a new woman. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. (Signed) Monica Barrett, 11 Maudland Road, Preston, October 10th, 1893."

Save for the happy ending what a sad story this is. The worst part is that she should have suffered eight years with indigestion and dyspepsia (the bane and blight of women) when she might have been cured in eight days had she known of the Syrup, and used it in the spring of 1885. There is no measuring or figuring on an experience like this. It is death in life. Yet hundreds of thousands of English women are going through it all the time—yes, even now. Well, we can only say, try the medicine that cured Mrs. Barrett. If it cured her, why not you?

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it marble," said Caesar.

"I find people ill; I leave them well," says Mother Seigel.

He Was a Gentleman.

Dallas News.

When the sheriff went over from Golden Hill to Lucky Valley after Jim Sanders, who was wanted for shooting Dan Williams in a quarrel over a game of cards, he didn't even take a gun along. He found his man in a saloon and asked him to step up and take a drink. Jim complied, but kept a hand on his gun. When they had drunk they sat down, and the sheriff told three or four funny stories. By and by the puzzled Jim broke out with:

"See here, Joe, did you come over after me?"
"Wall, I thought you might want to jog along back with me," was the reply.
"Not much! I'll never be taken alive!"
"Then that settles it. Let's hev another drink."

They drank again and the official told a very funny story about a tenderfoot's experience in Golden City. Jim laughed as loudly as the others, but presently grew serious and said:

"Say, Joe, ye can't take me alive!"
"Wall, we won't worry about that, Jim," was the reply. "Let's hev another nip and then a game of cards."

The game lasted until the sheriff had lost about twenty dollars. Then he ordered drinks and sang a song. When the song was finished he said to Sanders:

"Jim, hev'n't I made things pleasant fur you to-day?"
"You hev, Joe, and no mistake."

"Treated you like a gentleman, hev'n't I?"
"You certainly hev."

"That's my way of doing things. Now I want you to treat me like a gentleman. Go back to Golden City with me!"



THE
ALE AND PORTER
... OF ...
JOHN LABATT

LONDON, CAN.

Received MEDAL and HIGHEST POINTS awarded on this Continent at the
WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893

JAS. GOOD & CO.
220 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

R. H. LABATT
18 HUGHSON ST. S., HAMILTON



A FAIR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness
AND ALL OTHER SKIN ERUPTIONS, VANISH BY THE USE OF

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers
and Foulds' Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap

ONE box of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Foulds' Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of Society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Foulds' Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers, by mail, 50c, and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. THE LYMAN BROS. DRUG CO., Canadian Agents, 71 Front St. E., Toronto, Canada.
H. B. FOULDS, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.; 214 6th Avenue, New York
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA.

Ladies' Street Dresses



Sweet Summer Suits.
Swagger Skirts and Jackets.
Swell Boating Outfits.
Smart Overgarments.
Stylish Golf Capes.
Attractive Outing Costumes.
Nobby Travelling Gowns.

Rigby
Water
Proofed

Neatest Bicycle Suits.

Would not any lady like to have all her outdoor garments made repellant to water if she could feel sure that the slightest difference would be made in the material? Well, we stake our reputation on the fact that cloth proofed by the Rigby Process cannot be distinguished from the same cloth not proofed, except that it cannot be made wet—nor is the free circulation of air through the cloth interfered with in the least.



SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

"But I shot Dan Williams over that."
"Of course you did."
"And they want to hang me."
"Of course they do, but that's nothin' to me. I don't make the laws. I was sent out arter you, and I want to take you back. I could hev sneaked in and got the drop on ye, but I knowed 'twould hurt your pride. Hev'n't I been tender with ye, Jim?"
"You hev, Joe, but I don't want to be hung."
"I s'pose not, but see how nice I've used ye. Would any other sheriff hev done it?"
"No, I reckon not."
"Of course not, and if you are hung won't I boss the job and make it as easy as possible?"
"Just come right along to abbelee me, Jim."
"Would it be a great favor to you?"
"It would, and it would show me that you was a gentleman to boot. I'm a gentleman myself, and I kin appreciate a gentleman."
"Wall, Joe," said Jim, after a moment's thought, "I did say I wouldn't and I did think I didn't want to be hung, but to obbelee you and to show these critters that I know what good manners is, I'll go along with ye."
"And ten days later Mr. Sanders attended a necktie social and was left behind when the others started for home."

Here's an Important Item.

Has it occurred to you how easy, comfortable and convenient it now is to take a day trip from Toronto to New York? If not, just a moment while we tell you. You can leave Toronto every weekday at 9:05 a.m., get a through parlor car to Buffalo, without change, via the Grand Trunk and New York Central, reaching Buffalo at 12:30 p.m. Leave on the Empire State Express from the same station, via the New York Central, at 1:00 p.m., stopping only at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany. The many advantages of this trip are, that you go through pleasantly and quickly with only one change of cars from Toronto to New York. Avoid night travel. Land at Grand Central Station, the center of New York. Ride on the Empire State Express and the New York Central, which is and always will be America's greatest railroad. You can buy through tickets via the New York Central at any regular ticket office. For information desired, not obtainable at such offices, address Edison J. Weeks, General Agent, N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 1 Exchange street, Buffalo.

At a recent introduction of a bishop to his see, somebody noticed a Dublin graduate wearing an Oxford hood. He pointed it out to the bishop, and said that the person stood there with a lie on his back. "Well," replied the lordship, "you can hardly call it a lie; but it is certainly a false hood!"



The question of "degrees" in music and the present tendency to wholesale trading in musical distinctions as a matter of business, rather than as a means of artistic progress, constitute one of the most remarkable and curious developments of the past decade in the musical life of all English-speaking countries. The attention this matter is receiving in Canada and the intelligent grasp of the situation which is being shown by the profession and public, augurs well for the musical future of this country on lines in which humbug and deception are likely to cut a very small figure. From an excellent article in the *London Musical Times* I reproduce the following extracts bearing upon the subject of the manufacture and sale of bogus musical degrees and diplomas: "A few years ago we remember reading the report of a police court case in which the central figure was a gentleman with several letters after his name. As the combination was unfamiliar, the magistrate enquired what they stood for, and was informed by the owner that they represented an honorary degree which he had conferred upon himself. This may, of course, have been only a case of what the French call *la foie des grandeurs*, or that form of mania in which the sufferer imagines himself to be some exalted personage; but it is quite possible that the hero of this episode was as sane and sensible as any of our readers, and that in assuming 'his self-conferred diploma' he was only acting on the principle which in all ages has animated the knights of industry. Men and women who live by their wits were long wont to reinforce their claims to recognition by the means of a title, as the race of hotel-keepers can testify. But culture and democracy have changed all that. In former years it was the ambition of many an honest man to win a handle to his name. It is now more common to find people consumed with the passion for a string of honorific initials after their names. Imposture always trends close in the track of virtue, and thus we find fewer sham baronets and spurious lords, and more mock doctors, bogus Fellows, pinch-beck professors, imaginary diplomas, and false hoods. Furthermore, the collectivism of the age is strikingly manifested in the way in which these titles are originated. They are no longer the result of random individual effort, but of co-operation and association. Suspicion is disarmed by this procedure. The gentleman who conferred a degree on himself was too thoroughgoing an individual to succeed in these later days. Had he been wiser in his generation, he would have taken unto himself three or more congenial spirits and founded a University for the Redistribution of Property. Instead of bestowing degrees on himself, he should have embarked on the much more lucrative employment of disposing of them to others—for a consideration. He would have driven a roaring trade for a while, until the novelty of the thing wore off and the charm of adding the letters F.U.R. after one's name ceased to exert its spell on the majority *a la Carlyle*. Somebody would in the fulness of time have arisen to call in question the value of the suffix, or perhaps would have pointed out the strange coincidence that the initials of the title Fellow of the University of Redistribution spelt *fur*, which is the Latin for thief. Or perhaps Mr. Labouche would have expressed a desire to see the balance-sheet of the University, and then one fine day the bubble would have burst and the promoters have levanted, and the Fellows and Associates have been left singing a song of degrees in a minor key."

In a lecture delivered at Bradford, Eng., before the National Society of Professional Musicians, on the subject of Musical Degrees, Mr. Akroyd pointed out that the average man knows little or nothing about musical titles, and is unfortunately very often quite unable to discriminate between the genuine and the imitation article. "Under these circumstances," said Mr. Akroyd, "it is not to be wondered at that enterprising promoters should avail themselves liberally of the opportunities offered them by the ignorance or negligence of the inebriated musical public. Music is often described as the youngest of the arts, and musicians are certainly not wanting in one of the chief attributes of youth—credulity. The aspirant to honors—whether as an executant, a teacher, or a composer—is anxious to gain official recognition of his abilities. In other words, he longs for a degree, and, like the baby in the advertisement, he won't be happy till he gets it. But in his desire to fulfill this ambition he is only too apt to forget Mendelssohn's motto, *Res severa est verum gaudium*—that nothing is worth winning which does not involve serious effort. He overlooks the fact that the value of praise depends on the judgment and character of the praiser, or, to put it in the words recently used by the Bishop of London, that 'degrees are worth whatever value can be given to them by the authority which confers them.' Proceeding on the naive assumption that all bodies which confer titles, degrees, or diplomas are on an equality, he approaches the institution which gives him the most generous allowance of initials for the least possible exertion or outlay on his part. At the present moment he will suffer from an *embarras de richesses* in making his choice. But when he has done so and gained the coveted diploma, the extreme ease with which the ordeal is passed may excite his suspicions." Mr. Akroyd, in the paper to which allusion is made, exhibited a diploma on which there appeared the names of two well known musicians, neither of whom had been present at the examination of the candidate, and they had no knowledge that their names were being used by the promoters of the scheme. He also declared that seven

of the Vice-Presidents of one of these bodies had declared that their names "had been improperly used."

Some time ago the *London Musical Standard* contained letters from Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Herbert Oakeley, and Messrs. Coven and Cummings, all desiring their names to be removed from the notices of a certain self-constituted College of Music. An English contemporary in referring to this action on the part of the eminent musicians mentioned, says: "It were much to be desired that other notabilities were as prompt in disassociating themselves from institutions of dubious character. There can be little doubt that the guileless public are much influenced by names, and the mischief wrought by bogus music schools can be in great measure laid at the door of men of social or artistic eminence who so freely grant the use of their names as Patrons, Vice-Presidents, and the like. It is a matter of notoriety that a little judicious flattery will obtain the name of almost any one if no pecuniary responsibility be incurred. In some cases, as we have seen above, the promoters dispense with all negotiations or formalities, and boldly include in the list of their patrons the names of persons who have never been consulted at all. Colleges of this sort are springing up like mushrooms around us, and the dispensing of diplomas, not worth the price of the paper on which they are printed, goes merrily on. All tastes are catered for in the curriculum of the spontaneously generated musical college. Thus, in the advertisement of one much discussed institution, we find, in the list of the teaching staff, the professor of musical theory in immediate juxtaposition to the professor of the banjo. Indeed, we have no doubt that if you desired it, you could obtain a licentiate-ship of music from this institution on the strength of proficiency in manipulating the bones. And yet with the evidences of incompetence, of fraud, and of false pretense writ large in the very prospectuses of these mushroom colleges, with ample means at its disposal for the discriminating of the true from the false hood, the bogus from the genuine degree, the public, or at least a certain portion of it, with incredible gullibility keeps on playing into the hands of imposture."

"Urgent appeals," says the *Musical Times*, "are addressed to us to lend our help in unmasking these (fake) schemes, but we really cannot profess a very lively sympathy with people whose misfortunes are the direct result of such extraordinary negligence. If a man is ill and elects to consult a quack in preference to a doctor of established repute, it is his own look-out. And if a man, otherwise rational and well informed, prefers to send his daughter to say, Juggins' Jubilee University in preference to the Royal Academy of Music, what is to be done? The real remedy for the evil is in the hands of the public. If they would only be at pains to consult Whitaker's Almanac, or some other accessible book of reference, and trust less to specious advertisements, the evil would right itself and mushroom institutions would disappear as rapidly as they sprang into existence."

A meeting of the chorus committee of the Mendelssohn Choir was held on Monday evening last, when steps were taken for the reorganization of this splendid chorus for the coming season's work. All candidates for admission to the society for the coming season, whether members of last year's chorus or new applicants, will, if deemed necessary by the conductor, be required to have their voices tested and classified. The test for admission this season will be conducted upon much the same lines as last year, with a higher standard of efficiency than previously. Good quality of voice, the ability to sing in tune, and some proficiency in sight reading will be expected of all candidates. The enthusiastic reception accorded the society last season and the unanimous praise of both press and public will be remembered by all who attended last season's concert. From present indications the chorus will be superior in every way to the remarkably fine body of singers of which it was composed last year. A very attractive programme of double choruses, motettes, glees and part-songs has already been chosen for the next concert of the society, at which, as before, notable foreign solo talent will assist. Several selections, respectively for the women's and men's sections of the Choir, will also be given. Applications for membership will be received up to September 15. These may be forwarded either to the conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, or any member of the committee. The first meeting of the society will be held in the Y.W.C. Guild Hall, McGill street, on Monday evening, September 28, when the election of officers will take place and the music for the next concert will be on sale.

The *London Advertiser* speaks in terms of high praise of the singing of Miss Scott, a pupil of Mr. Harold Jarvis. Miss Scott and Mr. Jarvis sang two duets at a concert at Port Stanley with fine effect. This was the young lady's first public appearance, and her success being such, we may hope to hear her in Toronto soon.

Herr Rudolf Ruth, of the College of Music staff, and Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, of the Conservatory of Music, who have been touring through Europe on bicycles, will return in time for the opening of the above named institutions next week.

The new organ now being erected by Messrs. Warren & Son for the Jarvis street Baptist church will, it is expected, be completed about September 20.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, returns to the city this week from the seaside.

Mr. A. S. Vogt returns from Boston on Monday next.

Benevolent Party—So you fought in the late war? Mendicant—Yes, sir. Benevolent Party—Where were you wounded? Mendicant—In my substitute.—*New York Herald.*

"Going to get married? What for?" "Well, why shouldn't I? My father did so, and my grandfather before me." "I see; one of those hereditary misfortunes, I suppose."—*Philadelphia Press.*

She Knew.



She—They say he married her for her figure. He—That was quite natural. She—Oh! no, it wasn't.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Mr. Poppeduke's Adventure.

Harper's Monthly.

Mr. Poppeduke and Major Simms are two worthy bachelors inhabiting the same boarding-house. Each is happy in the possession of a good many friends, and not having to get up early in the morning, they sometimes stay out late at night. It must be admitted that Major Simms sometimes has trouble in making port, especially after a dinner. Not so in the case of Mr. Poppeduke. No matter how late the dinner or joyous the occasion, his fine instinct never deserts him. Naturally he has often girded at the Major on his weakness.

"Why," he said, "you have trouble in getting home after a supper, and never can do it without help after a dinner. Major, I could come home all right after a breakfast!"

But Mr. Poppeduke's hour of humiliation arrived. It was after a glorious dinner to a friend who had just been appointed consul to an important post. Mr. Poppeduke came home in a cab. He never faltered as he went up the front steps, and his hand had the precision of a conjurer's as he sought the key-hole. Inside he deposited his hat and coat and started up the stairs, walking with preternatural stiffness, and disinclined to touch the banisters or wall. Now it happened that a servant, after doing some cleaning in the second story, had very carelessly left a step-ladder at the head of and facing the stairs. Of course Mr. Poppeduke went on up the step-ladder. "Steepish stairs ever seen," he was heard to observe when about half-way up. Then he went on, and reaching the top, stepped off. The back of the step-ladder broke his fall, and he only shot to the floor like a very rapid toboggan, and sat there with his feet thrust straight out in front of him. He hitched his shoulders up into position, and after giving the subject the thought which so remarkable a phenomenon deserved, said, "Mosht shtraordinary 'currance ever knew. Came up front stairs. Front stairs shtraordinarily steep. Fell down back stairs. Back stairs shteeper'n front stairs." (A long pause, during which he spied his own door directly in front of him.) "No, that wasn't it. Girl left piebush wet soap on stairs. Stepped on wet soap. Fell off; then fell down. Won't pick girl nex' Christmas!" He reached up, turned the knob, and crept into his room on his hands and knees, not daring again to trust himself on his feet.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 8, W. ALLAN
1886
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
Yonge St. and Wilton Ave.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Reopens for Tenth Season, Sept. 1st
NEW AND REVISED
CALENDAR giving full information, mailed free.

H. N. SHAW, B.A., Prin. ELOCUTION SCHOOL
Elocution, Oratory, Voice Culture, Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Literature, &c.
Education School opens Sept. 29

MR. RECHAB TANDY, Oratorio and Concert Tenor, of the Crystal Palace and principal London (English) Concerts.
Pupil of Alberto Randegger.
Has returned after seven years' successful singing in Oratorio and Concerts in London and throughout Great Britain.

Specialist in Voice Formation, Singing, Concert Repertoire. Oratorios Taught with Correct Traditional Rendings. Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Special course for Teachers, Church and Concert Singers.
For terms and vacant dates address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 11 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

GIUSEPPE DINELLI
Solo Violoncellist and Accompanist
TEACHER OF
PIANO AND CELLO
At Conservatory of Music and 94 Gerrard Street East



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (LTD.), in affiliation with the University of Toronto, re-opens Sept. 1st, 1896. Send for Calendar. Highest educational advantages for a musical education. GEO. GOODERHAM, Pres. F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Dir.

F. H. TORRINGTON
Director Toronto College of Music (LTD.).
Organist Metropolitan Church.
Conductor Toronto Philharmonic Society.

TEACHER OF
Piano, Organ, Vocal and Ensemble Music
and Conducting
Vocalists prepared for Church, Oratorio, Opera or Concert Singers.
Soloists, vocal or instrumental, introduced to the public.
Address—The Toronto College of Music.

MR. W. O. FORSYTH
Piano Playing, Harmony and Composition
Pupil of the eminent teachers Krause, Jadasohn, Ruthardt and Epstein. Director Metropolitan School of Music and teacher of piano at Miss Veals' School.

Specialties—Beautiful Touch and Tone.
Musical Analysis and Interpretation.
Studio for private lessons, 15 King Street East.
Reception hours, Mondays 4 to 5. Tel. 4212

STOCKS HAMMOND, Mus. Doc.
(Licentiate-in-Music of the London College of Music (Eng.), &c.).
Organist and Director of the Choir, St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.
Choirmaster Trinity Church, Pottsville, Pa.; Conductor Arion Glee Club, Allentown, Philadelphia, and Musical Examiner the Pennsylvania Chautauqua. Dr. Hammond visits Pennsylvania every alternate week, but takes a limited number of private pupils (voice, piano, and organ) in Toronto. Address 574 Sherbourne St., or Nordheimer's Music Rooms.

THE VOICE
Tone production, Cultivation, Style and Repertoire.
W. ELLIOTT HASLAM
SPECIAL COURSE FOR TEACHERS
Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's, Toronto.
Reception hour from 2 till 3 p.m. daily.

WALTER H. ROBINSON
Singing Master, Conductor and Tenor Soloist.
Gives instruction in Voice Culture.
Vocal instructor at Metropolitan School of Music, Ltd., Parkdale, and Loversall Hall Ladies' School, Conductor of Church of Redeemer Choir, Toronto University Glee Club. Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & Son Co., Ltd., 143 Yonge Street.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPRANO
Professor of Singing Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Concerts directed. Voice Production and the Art of Singing taught. Concert repertoire formed. Graduate and certified pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam.
RESIDENCE—86 Major Street.

MADAME STUTTFORD, VOICE
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Labiche), Voice culture, Italian method; also pianoforte. Terms moderate. Address A. & S. Nordheimer's, or 183 Church Street.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church.
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
46 Phoebe Street.

MR. AND MRS. G. H. OZBURN
Teacher of the Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin; teacher of the Cuban Guitar and Mandolin Club, 342 Huron Street, or Metropolitan College of Music.

MISS MAUD GORDON, A.T.C.M.
Pianist and Accompanist. Piano pupils and concert engagements accepted at Conservatory of Music or residence, 75 Wellesley Street.

GEORGE MAURICE (Mr. George R. Joseph), Instrumental Soloist and Entertainer. Open for engagements. For terms address Room 36, James Building, 75 Yonge St., Toronto.

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Pianist and Accompanist
Pupils and concert engagements accepted.
32 Tranby Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN
(Fellow Toronto College of Music)
Concert Pianist and Accompanist
Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—542 Parliament Street, or The Toronto College of Music.

MRS. MARIE M. KLINGENFELD
Mezzo Soprano, teacher at the Metropolitan School of Music.
MR. H. KLINGENFELD
Concert Violinist (Klingensfeld String Quartet, teacher at St. Joseph's Convent, Loretto Abbey, Haverhill Hall, Provincial College and Metropolitan School of Music, Parkdale. 565 Sherbourne Street.

DR. CHAS. E. SAUNDERS
SINGING MASTER AND FLUTIST
Pupils received for the study of voice production, artistic singing and flute playing. Voice production taught according to the method of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam. Concert engagements accepted.
32 St. Mary Street.

STAMMERERS' HAND-BOOK FREE
Address CHURCH AUTO-VOICE SCHOOL, 53 Alexander Street, Toronto, Canada.

MADAME PALMIRA BONVINI
(Mrs. Prof. O'Brien) Prima Donna Soprano from Milan and principal concerts in Europe, receives pupils for
Artistic Singing and Voice Production
Highest references from past and present pupils and press opinions on application at her studio, 219 Jarvis Street. Concert engagements accepted.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Miss Veals' School.
13 Dunbar Road. Rosedale.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church. Musical Director Hamilton Ladies' College.
TEACHER OF
Piano and Organ Playing and Theory
Harmony and Counterpoint taught by correspondence. Address, 6 Glen Road, or Toronto Coll. of Music.

HELEN M. MOORE Mus. Bac.
PIANO AND THEORY
Experienced in preparing pupils for the Toronto University examinations in music.
Piano pupil of Mr. H. M. Field. Address—29 Maitland St., or Toronto College of Music.



WAREHOUSES—168 YONGE ST

M. ADELE LEMAITRE

Laureate Quebec Academy of Music

Pianist and Organist

Pupils and Concert Engagements accepted.

266 Queen Street West. Telephone 1033.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY

Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.

Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.

274 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

MISS ADA E. S. HART

CONCERT PIANIST

Has now returned from Europe after studying with the celebrated LESCHETIZKY, of Vienna

(teacher of Paderewski)

Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or—

No. 1 A, Harbord Street.

W. J. McNALLY

Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church

Musical Director Toronto Vocal Club.

Teacher of Piano at the Toronto College of Music.

Residence—32 Sussex Avenue.

MR. A. S. VOGT

Conductor Mendelssohn Choir

Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church, teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Moulton Ladies' College, Dufferin House and Rolleston House. Organ pupils also received at Conservatory of Music.

64 Pembroke St.

MR. H. M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso

Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Hans von Bulow and Reineck, solo pianist Albert Hall concerts;

Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—

105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music

MR. V. P. HUNT

Organist and Choirmaster Central Presbyterian Church.

Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Musical Director of the Demill College, Oshawa.

Residence—104 Maitland Street.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.

TEACHER OF PIANO

271 Jarvis Street, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS LILLIAN L. ARMSON

ELOCUTIONIST. Graduate of Presbyterian Ladies' College, Toronto. Open for Concert Engagements and Recitals. Address 90 Hazelton Avenue.

LYOYD N. WATKINS

303 Church Street. Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of Guitar at the Conservatory of Music.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY

Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist

Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.

Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, at 98 Nassau Street.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac., Graduate

at University of Toronto, certificated teacher

VOCAL and PIANO, of Toronto College of Music. Address 56 Gloucester Street, or Toronto Coll. of Music.

THE D'ALESSANDRO ORCHESTRA

Music furnished for Balls, Receptions, Concerts, &c. Any number of musicians supplied on shortest notice. All the latest popular music.

MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA

Special for Concerts, At Homes, Receptions, Address—35 Agnes Street, Toronto.

MR. WM. KNAGGS' ORCHESTRA

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

BALLS, PARTIES, ETC.

70 Wood St., or Room 4, 44 Adelaide St. East.

ORGANS.

ESTABLISHED 1864

EDWARD LYE & SONS, Organ Builders

18 St. Albans, 5 and 7 St. Nicholas Street

Specifications and estimates for new organs, reconstructions and repairs sent free on application.

Good Second-Hand Organs for Sale

EDUCATIONAL.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1829

Principal: G. R. PARKIN, M.A., LL.D.

The College will re-open on September 9th. Full particulars about admission will be furnished on application to the Principal, or to John Martland, M.A., (Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake), who will, during the vacation, be at the College every Thursday for personal consultation.

Deer Park, July, 1896.

GRIMSBY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

A comfortable home for young boys, near the Village of Grimsby. Healthy location. Modern methods of instruction. For particulars address—

Lake Lodge, Grimsby, Ont.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Corner Gerrard and Yonge Sts., Toronto

Invites you to investigate its merits as a modern, up-to-date, practical business school. It gives the latest and best courses of training in its

Commercial, Shorthand and Penmanship Departments

It qualifies its students for good business positions, and helps them to secure the same. Get all particulars by visiting the College or writing for new prospectus. Students admitted on trial.

Address—W. H. SHAW, Principal.

British American Business College

Of Toronto, Ltd.

The most Practical School in Canada

its graduates are successful business men

and they can be found everywhere

Directors and Shareholders—Edw. Trout, E. R. C. Clarke, Fred Wild, Stapleton Caldecott, Wm. McCabe, S. F. McKinnon, J. E. Thomson, Q.C. Write for illustrated circulars and pamphlets.

EDW. TROUT, President. D. HOSKINS, Secretary

Social and Personal.

Lord and Lady Russell and their friends left by special train for Kingston on Wednesday evening, and there took the St. Lawrence boat for Montreal. They will visit Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and sail for England on October 10.

A concert was given at Hotel Hanlan on Thursday evening under the direction of Prof. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James'. The committee were: Messrs. Frederick Nicholls, H. C. Hammond, Dan A. Rose, H. K. Merritt, R. D. Gamble, R. A. Smith, and Mr. T. G. Mason, secretary, acting for the guests of the Hotel, who gave the concert.

Manager Sheppard is doing several very necessary things to the Grand this week in anticipation of the opening of the season of '96-'97. The most grateful addition to the opera house is a *porte-cochere* on Adelaide street, before the main entrance, which has been a crying want since ever the Grand opened its doors. Many a cold has been taken by daintily clad women obliged to pass from coach to portal in inclement weather, or step with slippers on a wet and streaming wet plank. SATURDAY NIGHT begged for a *porte-cochere*, or something of a shelter, years ago, and though the present structure is not strictly that, seeing one cannot drive under it, still it is better, far better, than the canopy of heaven as heretofore.

The members of the Solid Comfort Club of Pennsylvania gave their annual At Home recently at their camp at Beaumaris, Muskoka Lake. The club, whose permanent summer headquarters are at Beaumaris, is the largest and most influential American camp in Muskoka and comprises among its members—who are all in the prime of life or getting on the shady side—some of the most representative men in Pennsylvania. Judge Mehard acted as director of ceremonies and was ably assisted by Hon. Mr. Stranahan, ex-Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and General Milan, Auditor-General of the same State, and other members of the club. Among the guests were representatives from leading cottagers and hotel guests in the vicinity, among whom were: Judge Proudfoot and the Misses Proudfoot, Dr. E. Herbert Adams, commodore of Muskoka Lakes Association, of Toronto, and Vice-Commodore F. W. Fearman, Mr. H. Fearman and Mrs. Fearman, Mr. J. Stevenson, the Misses Harvey of Hamilton, Mr. C. H. Prince and Mr. C. H. Yager of the Sharon Social and Fishing Club of Pittsburgh, Mr. E. C. J. Stratton and Mrs. Stratton and many others. The dining-hall, gaily decorated, was utilized for dancing and an excellent orchestra dispensed sweet music.

An unusual number of visitors are expected at Fair time this year. Already are trunks being deposited all over the city, and hostesses girding themselves for the fray. There is positively nothing equal to the fatigue of shopping with a suburban visitor, who dives into bargain shops, deliberates over purchases, changes her mind a dozen times, loses her pocket-book, and is in risk of her life a score of times from trolleys and bicycles, while her hostess sews wrinkles and gray hairs, not to mention pains in back and head, trying to head her off and chase her home.

Talking of weariness reminds me of a remark a certain well known lady made thereon. "Nothing," she said earnestly, "breaks my spirit down, nothing drives me to despair, nothing wakes in me a wild rebellion, so much as that daily enquiry of cook, 'And what vegetables, ma'am?' which always follows our morning interview." I often think of that woman and wonder whether some day cook will find a work-basket, ink-bottle or foot-stool flying at her head, instead of an order for vegetables!

Someone says we shall have very hot weather this fall. Good thing, for coal is dear this year!

The tennis dance at the Athletic Club next Wednesday evening will no doubt be a very jolly affair. Yesterday the ladies' committee held a meeting and made their final arrangements for the dance, which is under very nice patronage. By the way, this evening conflicts with the Wednesday dance at Center Island, especially if that date be chosen for the bestowal of prizes won in the I. A. A. sports.

One of the most successful summer hotels in Ontario this season has been the Penetanguishene. A very large number of nice people chose it for their summer resort, and a succession of merry doings has been kept going all the season. Some of the boarders cannot say nice enough things of this hotel and Mrs. Patterson, its capable manager and superintendent.

Talmage day, as last Monday was named by the Grimsby Park residents and their friends, attracted an immense crowd of Toronto excursionists by the Queen City, and a number of people from the country around about the Park. The vast Tabernacle was crowded to hear a very poor lecture from the reverend gentleman from New York. In old days, Talmage really "humped himself." Now, like the camel of the desert in famine time, he is living on his hump. Whatever be his magnet, however, he draws a crowd, and on Sunday the gate receipts at Grimsby Park were such that I hesitate to name the sum. Six thousand people crowded the tabernacle or pavilion, or whatever may be the vast structure reared by father Noah Phelps, and in which he is the most comical of presiding genii. On Monday the crowd was less, and comfort correspondingly greater. The excursionists had a perfect day, the weather cool and clear, and the sail home in full-moonlight enchanting. A very nice tea was served at the Lakeview Hotel at five o'clock for those who wished, and genial Joe Digby beamed a cordial welcome from his desk on the party.

English people sometimes have an idea that this Canada of ours is a wilderness wherein they may disport themselves in hideous old rags which our scrub-ladies would weep to be obliged to wear. Only a few days ago I saw a couple of strange-looking travelers carrying a steamer trunk off a crowded boat. The man, evidently a person of some culture, the woman (yes indeed, one was a woman!) tugging at a basket of fruit and a trunk handle with either

TORONTO

OPERA HOUSE
POPULAR PRICES ALWAYS.

OPENING WEEK AUG. 31
MATINEES--Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday
THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE FUN-MAKER

GEO. W. MONROE

(Aunt Bridget)

THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

A Happy Little Home

ONE WEEK OF SOLID MERRIMENT

BY A LARGE COMPANY OF

Pretty Girls and Clever Comedians

Latest Music, Songs and Specialties

NEXT—Oriental America

65—People—65

hand. Whether they were too shy and strange to hunt up a porter I know not, but she and he lugged their trunk and fruit from the deck to the dock in great shape, before a very wondering party of excursionists.

The Canada and her crew are the chief glory of Toronto this week. Skipper Jarvis, as trim and perfect a yachtsman as ever adorned a suit of ducks, and his spry Brownies all, are in high feather, as they're every right to. Can't we coax Dunraven over here again and show him, if not how to be a man, at all events how to emulate a *Berriman*, for the commodore of the *Vencedor* is a sportsman, every inch of him.

Mr. G. Allen Case has been confined to bed for a week or more, but is now getting better fast.

There is to be a camp at Niagara this fall, but not any of Toronto's citizen soldiers are to be in it. Consequently, its social interest is not of an enthralling order.

What between their prospects of being senators, lieutenant-governors and some other things, according to the paragraphs, Messrs. Kerr, Jones, et al, must scarcely know "where they are at."

He—Let's kiss and make up. She—If you kissed me, I'd have to make up all over again, sure enough.—*New York Press*.

DIAMOND HALL

The Tiffany Solitaire

In Ladies' Rings there's no style more fashionable than the single stone in the plain "TIFFANY INVISIBLE" setting.

Its a style that never grows old—the longer you wear it the better you'll like it.

The prices range all the way from \$15 to \$750 each, according to the size and quality of the Diamond.

Ryrie Bros.

Diamond Merchants

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

MISS EDITH HANNAFORD
Teacher of CHINA PAINTING in all branches
China Decorated to Order
Studio, 97 Bloor St. West. Tel. 3106.

Board and Residence in London

Central position. Comfortable home. Terms from two guineas per week. Highest references.
Address—
MRS. JULIUS HARVEY,
4 Endeavour Street,
Tavistock Square, London, W. C.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Two Weeks of Delightful Comedy

BEGINNING MONDAY, AUG. 31

And Lasting Throughout the Fair

DENMAN THOMPSON'S

GREATEST SUCCESS

THE OLD HOMESTEAD...

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
Frank Thompson and
Wm. Warington

Select Company of 23 Players

Wonderful Electrical Effects

WEDNESDAY MATINEES WEDNESDAY SATURDAY

PRICES EVENINGS—\$1.00, 75c., 50c. and 25c.
MATINEES—75c., 50c. and 25c.

SEATS NOW ON SALE AT BOX OFFICE

Grimsby ...Park

Closing Week of the Season

Saturday, August 29

GRAND CONCERT

AT 8 P.M.

Under the management of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. BLIGHT, assisted by Mr. HAROLD JARVIS and other leading soloists.

Sunday, August 30

9.30 a.m. Prayer and Praise Service.
11.00 a.m. Sermon—REV. DR. CRAFTS, Washington, D.C. "The Better New Times."
2.30 p.m. Sermon—REV. DR. CRAFTS, "The Best Time Coming."
7.30 p.m. Closing Exercises, Addresses and Music.
The Old-time March and Hand-shake.
NOAH PHELPS, W. C. WILKINSON,
President. Secretary.

Toronto Diocesan Conference, 1896

Opening Services, Tuesday, September 22nd, at 8 p.m.
Conference, Wednesday and Thursday, September 23rd and 24th.
Sessions at 10.30 a.m., 3 p.m., and 8 p.m.

SUBJECTS:
Amusement and Recreation in the Christian Life
Preaching
The Services of the Church
Social Problems
The Work of the Church
The Parish

Conference tickets, 50c. (admit to all sessions). Single admission, 25c.
Rev. HERBERT SYMONDS, Chairman Committee.
Rev. T. C. STREET MACKLEM, Rosedale, Secretary.
Mr. LAWRENCE BALDWIN, 24 King St. W., Treasurer.

GOLD MINES

Roseland, Kootenay, B. C.

We offer stocks for sale in "Josie," "Monte Cristo," "St. Elmo," "Ironside," and "California." Will forward Prospectus of latter on application. For further particulars apply to

A. W. ROSS & CO.

24 King Street East - Toronto

OFFICE TO LET

IN "SATURDAY NIGHT" BUILDING

A good-sized room, suitable for law office, samples or commissions.
Apply at offices SHEPPARD PUB. CO., Ltd.

The BON MARCHE

7 & 9 KING STREET EAST

To Our Patrons

And the public generally we desire to inform you that during Exhibition this store proposes to make business "hum," therefore ladies having "visiting friends" will do themselves and this store a favor in bringing them to see our Special Bargains, which will surpass anything ever attempted by wholesale or retail dry goods houses in Toronto.

Although Monday and Friday are this store's special days set apart for extra values, every day during Exhibition will be a Special Bargain Day at The Bon Marche.

Is Your House Warm all Winter?

If not, just remember that...

OXFORD

Boilers and Radiators

FOR HOT WATER OR STEAM

never fail to maintain an even, healthful warmth through all changes of the weather.

The BOILERS are simple to operate, wonderfully economical with the coal and in different sizes to suit all buildings; while the RADIATORS are of graceful design and made in so many sizes and styles that they suit every conceivable need.

What's more, they have the only perfect joint, iron to iron, without gaskets, and can never leak.

They always give thorough satisfaction.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Ltd.

TORONTO



SOME of the up-to-date Contents of

Massey's Magazine

....FOR SEPTEMBER....

GOLD MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, by B. R. ATKINS.
Five Illustrations.

CUBA IN WAR TIME, by FRANK POLLOCK.
Six Illustrations.

FORTY-EIGHT HIGHLANDERS (Canadian Militia Series),
by ALEX. FRASER, M.A.
With Portraits and Illustrations.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE, by W. J. PHILLIPS.
With Illustrations.

CANADIAN SUCCESSES ON THE STAGE, by W. J. THOROLD.
Illustrated.

We Have

Just received and are now showing the very latest novelties in...

Renaissance Lace Curtains with Sash Curtains

to match. Also a superb collection of White Brussels and Tambour Curtains from \$3.25 to \$55.00 per pair. "Better values than we have ever shown before."

Lovers of fine lace work (whether they intend purchasing or not) will find it a pleasure to inspect these goods.

John Kay, Son & Co 34 King St. West
TORONTO

COAL - COAL - COAL LOWEST MARKET PRICES

BRANCH OFFICES:
384 Queen St. W. Tel. 151
572 Queen St. W. Tel. 130.
P. BURNS & CO. OFFICES AND YARDS:
Yonge St. Dock. Tel. 150.
Cor. Front & Bathurst. Tel. 132.
38 KING STREET EAST. 'PHONE 131

Social and Personal.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday at the residence of Dr. L. D. Closson of Spadina avenue, when his only daughter, Louise Marie, was married to Mr. William J. Thomson, a popular young business man of New York. The bride's father being ill, she was given away by her uncle, Dr. J. C. Ray. At the appointed hour the wedding party entered the drawing-room, which, with the rest of the house, was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers. The bride wore a heavy cream corded silk trimmed with lace, chiffon and pearls; the tulle veil was held at her dark hair with a handsome diamond-and-pearl star, the gift of the groom. She carried a bouquet of bride roses and maiden-hair ferns. The bridesmaid, Miss Annie Howden of Whitby, cousin of the bride, looked very pretty in Dresden muslin and lace, with bouquet of pink roses, and wore a pearl crescent souvenir from the groom. Little Madeline Belt, daughter of Dr. Belt, Oshawa, attended the bride, carrying a basket of sweet peas. Mr. A. Henderson Thomson of the Bank of Commerce, Montreal, brother of the groom, was best man, the ushers being Dr. J. H. Closson, brother of the bride, and Mr. William G. Hyland of the Bank of Hamilton, her cousin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. F. Wilson of Trinity Methodist church. After the wedding breakfast was partaken of and the usual good wishes expressed, the newly wedded couple left for Montreal, Washington and the seaside before reaching their future home in New York city.

Mons. J. Trancle-Armand has returned from his holiday trip on the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Frank Hodgins of Cloynewood returned from England last week and is stopping with his father, Dr. Hodgins of Pembroke street.

Mrs. N. Logan Stewart of Woodstock, accompanied by her sister, Miss Anderson, returned home after spending several weeks in Toronto and the Island. While in Toronto they were the guests of Mrs. George Anderson of Admiral road.

Miss C. Alice Redman of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Ethel J. Parkinson of 28 Frankish avenue.

The Chicago Referee of August 13th, says: "The following cablegram was received by H. A. Lozier & Co. Saturday morning: 'LONDON, Aug. 8th. 'The Lozier Cycle Co., of Toledo, Ohio, was notified yesterday that it had been awarded the highest honors—a gold medal—for bicycles.'"



A Note Paper Opportunity

5 quires of Frosted Vellum.
5 packages of Envelopes to match.

Embossed with your initials or monogram

For...

\$3.00

This is just about what a die for the embossing would cost in the ordinary way.

Just to make your acquaintance.

Our sample book for a post card.

Robert Duncan & Co.

Stationers and Engravers - HAMILTON, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Harvest Excursions

TO MANITOBA

AND

CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Going Sept. 1st. Return until Oct. 31st
Going Sept. 15th. Return until Nov. 14th

From all Stations in Ontario, Onaping,ault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East

For Pamphlet containing rates and full information, apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent, or—

C. E. McPHERSON,
1 King St. East, Toronto.

CHINA HALL

49 KING STREET EAST

Royal Worcester

Another assortment of the celebrated ware just to hand, in the newest shapes and decorations.

JOSEPH IRVING
IMPORTER

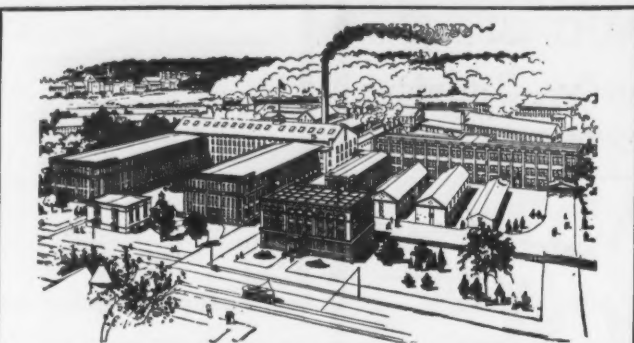
The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

JEFFREY—Aug. 21, Mrs. J. S. Jeffrey—a son.
RYCKMAN—Aug. 17, Mrs. E. B. Ryckman—a son.
RENNIE—Aug. 16, Mrs. John Rennie—a son.
McDONAGH—Aug. 14, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh—a son.
PEARCY—Aug. 20, Mrs. Gilbert Percy—a daughter.
WHITE—Chatham, Aug. 20, Mrs. J. W. White—a

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.



One of the Pope Mfg. Co.'s five great factories at Hartford, Conn.

THE factories for making Columbia and Hartford Bicycles have no equal anywhere for size, completeness of equipment, or thoroughness of methods. They have been steadily growing for 18 years. Every detail of manufacture is based upon accurate investigation of the scientific Department of Tests, guided by a Council of 21 Expert Engineers, and supplemented by the most rigid system of inspection. The result is certainty of quality.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES—Unequalled, Unapproached.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of Columbia, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

McDONALD & WILLSON, Agents, 187 Yonge St., Toronto

AN IRON STANDARD "SAFFORD" RADIATORS

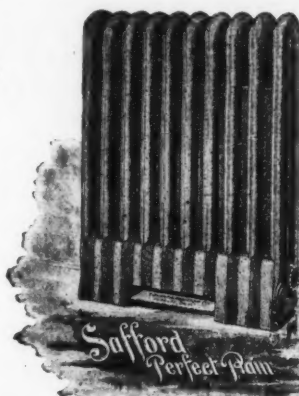
Better than Silver. Why? You cannot change the value of Iron by election speeches. Iron will bring full value after years of use "for old metal." Cast iron radiators are a safe investment; they are all iron, without bolts or packing.

For...
HOT WATER HEATING
Lead the World

We recognize no competition.
Based on merit.
Modern up-to-date sample.

Made only by...

The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'G CO., Ltd.
TORONTO, Ont.
The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag



Are You a Gambler?

If so, you can bet 16 to 1 that

"New Corded Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding"

will be all the rage for Fall and Winter dresses. Because it produces the decided flare and durability of skirt-edges so essential to an up-to-date costume.

New Corded Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding to set properly must be sewn an eighth of an inch above the skirt edge to allow for any sag in the braid.

At all Dry Goods stores All colors. Moderate prices. "New Corded Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding," patented 1896

daughter.
BURNS—Aug. 21, Mrs. Marsden Burns—a daughter.
GREY—Aug. 22, Mrs. John G. Grey—a son.
CHAMBERS—Aug. 17, Mrs. W. T. Chambers—a daughter.
WEYLIE—Aug. 19, Mrs. John Weylie—a son.
KIRKPATRICK—Aug. 25, Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick—a son.
RICHARDSON—Aug. 26, Mrs. Henry Richardson—a son.

Marriages.

GAMMACH—SCOTT—Sarnia, Aug. 26, Alexander P. F. Gammach to Agnes Scott.
WRIGHT—DRAPER—Indiana, Aug. 15, Andrew E. Wright to Frances Draper, both of Toronto.
HILLS—HURD—Aug. 24, George Horace Hills to Mary Hurd.
GILBANK—FARLEY—Aug. 24, J. Clarence Gilbank to Gertrude Farley.
NELSON—PAYMENT—Aug. 19, Horatio W. Nelson to Lucy Payment.
NORTH—YOUNG—Aug. 17, S. North to Minerva Young.

Deaths.

HILL—Aug. 19, Rev. J. J. Hill, aged 62.
MEDCALF—Aug. 19, Minnie Victoria Medcalf.
SMITH—Uxbridge, Aug. 1, And. W. Smith, aged 54.
JOHNSTON—Aug. 19, Robert Johnston, aged 69.
MACPHERSON—Aug. 16, Hon. Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., aged 77.
PLUMMER—Aug. 20, John W. Plummer, aged 55.

SLEMIN—Aug. 21, Lizzie Virtue Slemin.
WOOD—Aug. 21, Anna Louisa Wood.
WOODINGTON—Aug. 21, Eliza C. Woodington, aged 66.
PICKISS—Aug. 22, Josiah Pickiss, aged 72.
TOWNSEND—Aug. 23, Emeline C. Townsend.
ELLIOTT—Aug. 22, Agnes Elliott, aged 56.
GILLESPIE—Aug. 22, Walter Gillespie, aged 65.
SNIDER—Aug. 22, Catherine Snider, aged 84.
TAYLOR—Aug. 22, Arthur P. Taylor, aged 26.
LANE—Aug. 22, Elizabeth Crocker Lane, aged 82.
GRANT—Aug. 23, James W. Grant, aged 54.
CHARLTON—Aug. 23, William Charlton, aged 38.
HENDERSON—Aug. 26, Murray R. Henderson, aged 32.
HENDERSON—Aug. 26, Mary Henderson.
MACIVER—Aug. 26, Alexandrina Maciver, aged 25.

TAKE SANITARY PRECAUTION
AT HOME AND ABROAD—USE

**SPOONER'S GERMICIDE
PHENYLE
DEODORIZER AND ANTISEPTIC.**

NO END TO ITS EFFICIENCY. BEST PEOPLE KNOW ITS VALUE. ENQUIRE AT DRUG STORES. TAKE NO OTHER.

"A LEADING feature of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition will be the magnificent exhibit of Bell Pianos in the Music Pavilion—hear their wonderful tone—see their exquisite casing—manufactured by the largest concern in Canada—The Bell Organ and Piano Co., Ltd."

Dressing Cases...

ARE A Necessity IN Traveling



The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., Ltd.

Tel. 233. 105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Trunks, Bags, Footballs, Golf Bags, Purses, Belts
AND AND AND
Traveling Goods, Sporting Goods, Fancy Leather Goods

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Mailed on Application

The Question of Finance

Everyone prefers a high-grade Piano to a poor one, but many are deterred from even inquiring about our instruments from a fear that our prices may be too high or our terms too stringent. Let us say to all who wish a really good Piano at a moderate price on easy terms, that they will do well to correspond with us. We do not pretend to compete on these points with makers of poor or worthless Pianos, but, QUALITY CONSIDERED, our prices are really low, and we try to permit no one to go past us feeling that satisfaction cannot be given on the question of terms.

The MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.

498 Main Street, Winnipeg | 32 King St. West, Toronto

COAL AND
LOWEST
WOOD
PRICES



ELIAS
ROGERS
& CO.

1896 WALL PAPERS 1896

THE BIG STORE, which looks right down Carlton Street,
436 Yonge Street, has been a great boom to us this year.

Greater Variety

We have the store to handle big lots—CAR LOADS. You know it takes lots of room to show car loads of goods.

The Best Selection in Canada

We have been told that thousands of times. Some will not believe it; to those we would say, "Come and see."

Prices Lower than Ever

The best way to prove that is to call and examine for yourself.

The Big Store, PILES OF GOODS, new goods, low prices, small profits, obliging salesmen, intelligent salesmen.

We are speaking to YOU because we believe we have something YOU want.

CANADA'S GREATEST WALL PAPER HOUSE

436 YONGE STREET
Opposite Carlton

MULLIN & MUIR'S